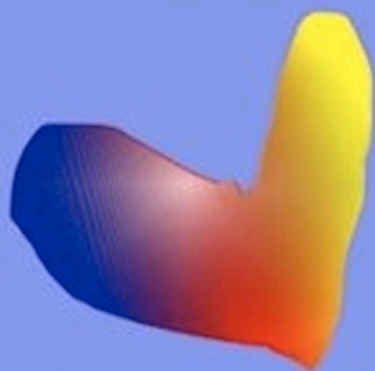




**on the
tracks of
the
Nazarene**

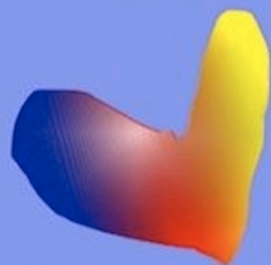
leila chellabi





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on the tracks of the Nazarene

LCenteur

Part One

Sultana, she is beautiful. Clothed in gold and silver, magnificently adorned, her large eyes outlined with kohl reveal a deep, impenetrable gaze that embraces all without revealing herself.

She walks forward in the central aisle of a vast room tiled with purple marble, surrounded by white, gold and silver walls that encircle a large and fairly disciplined crowd.

A deep silence prevails, like a felt rug muffling footsteps as the woman, sultana and beautiful, walks forward, heavily adorned, like an idol choosing the site of a sacrifice to which she offers herself, because she is its Great Priestess.

Gliding imperceptibly, each step is measured in a rhythm advanced by the gold, silver and purple lamé dress in its luxurious pleats.

Breathtaking, the woman, sultana, walks down toward a white marble altar five steps away, raising her arms with the palms of her hands turned toward the sky, pointing up to a fire flashing out at the same time from a large bowl, from which purple flames

rise, column-like, toward a heavy roof and ceiling that, at this precise spot, slopes gently downward.

The starless night is infinitely profound, the beaming sky seems both near and far away at the same time, while a murmur runs through the immense room through the rows of the faithful.

Majestic, standing firmly upright in her sacred finery, with her arms raised, the woman tilts her face toward the open sky, into which she plunges the peacefulness of her intense gaze while purple flames ignite shimmering reflections in her eyes, like smoldering mauve embers.

A cappella voices seize the space letting out strange harmonies into the temple that fly up into the sky, rebounding on the bare marble's mauve tiles.

The scene is dazzling in the velvety radiance that the sacred flames of the altar illuminate, as the songs flow freely in precise rhythms, which the beautiful sultana energetically absorbs and expresses almost motionless.

Having arrived this morning from a far away land, a man from Judea named Jesus attends the violet-colored ritual; his eyes, fixed on the column of flames, follow the curtain of fire up to the opening in the sky where waves of heat dance, concentric-like, up to

distant infinity that engulfs its almost invisible warm lines.

Jesus has left his parents, and it is Joseph, his father, who advised him to take this long journey and be welcomed at the initiatory school, following his two-year stay in a school of mysteries in Egypt, his home.

Sarara, the beautiful sultana—thus he names her in his interiority—will greet him tomorrow morning, after this ceremony of the “purple Flame,” set in the night of the new moon of Aries. An imposing ritual of which the Great Priestess is oracle and magus, joining, in her own fulfilled polarities, the ability of an alchemist and the gracious poetry of receptivity, like a cup open to the sky, whose officiant gathers, the precious drops of the divine elixir of Life in the heart’s chalice that she makes accessible to all, distributing it by means of different blessings that the energy knows as well as the blessed recipients.

Jesus is standing motionless, the radiant light of the flames of this violet-colored fire make him parallel to the column in a common journey toward the invisible summits still hidden by a dark sky. In him, warmth floods his spinal column, up to his throat and in a flash he starts singing the strange harmonies as though he had known them forever.

Before his departure, his father Joseph had told him of this violet-colored fire of the Atlantean temple, but never did he imagine then the subtle power of these luminous flames, the vertical column that is both an invocation and an evocation, like the grandiose channel of an invisible magic his entire body senses so strongly that he feels as though even his eyes have become violet.

Sarara has now been undressed by two vestals and she stands a tall silhouette, wearing tight-fitting attire like a second skin. The sparkling texture sculpts her body while, flame-like, she rises, undulating in a sacred dance, in the multiple energy of a slow ascent of the five white marble steps. The spectacle is splendid and Jesus is moved to tears.

The two vestals now remove the heavy gold and silver jewels that still adorn the ears, head and arms of Sarara.

On the fifth step, Sarara stands straight up, in a serene and triumphant verticality, only her sensually dark hair glides down the small of her back.

Thus she walks back up the central aisle, bare-footed, like a vine with the ideal proportions of a dream body, or should it be called love? Asks Jesus to himself? Sarara stops in front of him, and, face to face in a quarter turn, prostrates before him and kisses the toes of his bare feet. Jesus is very surprised, his

cheeks turn slightly pinkish, but no one is looking; the entire room has entered into a state of meditation; eyes closed, everyone participates in a sort of mute prayer the strong invocation of which resonates like a divine silence that all present inseminate with human beauty.

Sarara has now risen, and her intense gaze with violet-colored reflections meets the soft gaze of Jesus, as though they are under the spell of a mutual attraction, their eyes have found each other. Do they recognize one another? The furtive moment has passed by, perpetuating the instant that erases itself immediately toward this unknown elsewhere that stores and archives the memories of God in this collective forgetting of which everyone nourishes their lives with the reality of the Holy Spirit in their most intimate intentions.

Sarara continues slowly. Did she really stop there? Did she really prostrate herself? Why would she have done it? Jesus does not really know anymore, everything is so strong in him, everything so strange; he thinks about his father Joseph and suddenly in the eyes of Sarara he sees the face of Mary, his mother, a vision that leaves a strong impact like an indelible mark in his astonished heart.

The ritual of the ceremony of the new moon is over, Jesus finds himself back in one of the small rooms

reserved by the Temple for visitors and students, which he would like to become.

Jesus is tired; he goes to bed without eating dinner, it has been a long day and he now meditates on a violet-haloed thought for the night, invoking the Father in complete submission for the days to come, starting with tomorrow, for his determining encounter with Sarara. Dawn is still impregnated with ardent mauve reflections when he walks toward the Temple to meditate. Only the priests are there and some students, who came, as he did, from afar. The small room is round, white and mauve; the central altar keeps a rose-colored flame alive while natural incense permeates the space with an exhilarating fragrance. White and mauve flowers all around the altar form a circle on the white marble tiles, quite different from the ceremony the evening before, with the same simplicity, but today it is ordinary and yet, again, so beautiful.

A young girl tosses an aromatic powder into the fire; a young man precedes Sarara when she enters, dressed in simple white, without any finery. Even her hair is pulled back tightly, unveiling a large alabaster forehead tanned by an inner light to a soft apricot color.

Present, Jesus is simultaneously in the fire, the flowers and the sublime fragrances, while songs still emanate from nowhere, permeating everywhere like a

sonorous halo the spool of time would unwind in space that only infinity receives.

While the same, Sarara is different, a multiplicity that, Jesus thinks, makes of her the universal example of an accomplished femininity of which the Mother of the World¹ is the beginning and the end, like a varied fresco in which the eyes search for a long time before the gaze suddenly plunges in, to retain only the reflection of a infinite mirror where everyone can admire themselves, where everyone can get lost, reflecting their identity in an elusive reality, because it can only be lived and reflected like an example that everyone can follow but that everyone can also ignore.

Jesus has access to a different dimension where he feels himself in Sarara like a brother, like a sister, but what does she think? Not once this morning have their eyes met nor did she even seem to look at him. Hypnotized by the aura of the beautiful sultana, he has lost himself in an indescribable world still radiated by his sonorous notes when, after meditation he decides to stroll in the gardens of the Temple before going to his meeting.

Here the garden is both luxuriant and airy in the way it was planted, calculated on divine numbers, using the colors of flowers and plants like precise brushstrokes, while the whole effect of the garden, with its

¹ Divine Consciousness

beautiful trees, seems quite natural, even improvised.

White stone benches embellish the gardens with a special luminosity so well harmonized with the flowers that the result is simply enchanting.

Sitting on one of these benches Jesus closes his eyes on the purple Flame that suddenly seems to flood him again. Contemplating the flame, he lets go of himself, heart enraptured, when a sudden warmth invades his chest and he opens his eyes to greet those of Sarara before him.

Dressed in white garments of thin silk, with loose fitting tunic pants over her thin waist, held by a violet braided silk belt.

Long amethysts grace her ears while gold rings with amethyst pendants also decorate her toes in violet-laced sandals.

Her attire is beautiful. Sarara is a creature both so delicate and so strong that a supple feline-like attribute emanates through her eyes.

– Good morning and welcome, I was told that you have been studying for two years already. You were in Egypt? I also worked on the teachings of the Egyptian Masters, but that was a long time ago.

The voice of Sarara is deep and melodious, she speaks clearly and harmoniously, the way a sweet-toothed child chooses candy. A sparkling smile accompanies her last sentence:

– Do you have something to say? To ask? To suggest?... You wish to remain silent? Your name is Jesus, is it not?

– Yes, my name is Jesus.

But Jesus remains silent to show her how happy he is to be here and have the privilege to talk to one of the most worthy priestesses, as well as to experience the discoveries, energetic scientific techniques and teachings of Atlantis.

Sarara smiles silently, before sitting down next to him on the bench. A flower then appears in her hands, it is a blue rose that she gives to him.

– Here, this blue rose is the far away heart of a planet in another solar system that will bloom of the cross, sprinkled with the drops of the blood of the chalice. It is immortal and many centuries will lapse before it can be discovered or even seen. I give it to you as evidence of the Father because you are the Beloved. Preserve its aroma like a son and the flower like a man. Here you have come to learn.

Moved by the beauty of the flower, Jesus kneels before Sarara. She also kneels and, face to face, the blue rose between them joins their hearts in the violet-colored reflections of Sarara's eyes. Not a word is uttered, and slowly a blessing brings them together while Sarara lays her full lips, like a fresh fruit, on those of Jesus.

An indigo sunset halos this reunion of two souls whose human hearts beat together to the rhythm of karma, of which the violet-colored fire, in them, already burns what burdens them still, before their earthly mission.

A moment of divine fantasy in time that space gathers like a mute prayer because two hearts have recognized the end before even knowing the beginning.

This very night – Sarara rejoins Jesus, far away in the sky, past the violet column of flame, while angels with pastel wings whirl in a mauve flight, carrying to the Father the radiant message of a luminous encounter like the wings of a butterfly that neither Jesus nor Sarara will live to the end, consecrated here on earth by the word of God that sacred songs in an Atlantean temple were already preparing as a divine mission, for one of them, on the cross, for the other in a rose-colored fire.

The classes have already started, which Sarara does not attend, but she sometimes teaches to students including Jesus, now that he has been accepted.

Wisdom takes multiple paths that men discover because they were known from time immemorial. Eternity is a much stronger link than all the affects of the world, it weaves threads of consciousness awakened by minds when the heart opens precipitously with the authentic feeling of infinity that nothing can stop, in the mirror of the other when life, suddenly and without warning, brings two beings face to face, without severing any link, to make a difference in their lives.

Love is of course always the subject in these reunions where possession is no longer an issue and where the two heroes of the heart must find another language, even when that of the body is felt first. The classes have started, Jesus is so studious that he forgets sometimes the unhopd-for chance to have Sarara next to him, the beautiful sultana, whose works entrance him, whose attraction fascinates him, whose beauty, to him, is all divine, whose heart is mysterious, Sarara the woman unveiled by the ritual of fire is but a spouse of the Divine in a sacred marriage, an astonishing, captivating woman, whom Jesus the man loves from time immemorial as achievement in God like a gift the Father would give to everyone.

Jesus is troubled.

Sarara is secret.

In love, lovers, they are both, like two children arranged for an uncommon destiny whose first foot-steps as initiates pass through the love of self and other in the magical mirror of an identical view on the world and others, and this wisdom which, though acquired, unendingly becomes an option in subsequent incarnations until the ascended passage of these Masters occupied by the wisdom for a service to humanity for which their manifested divinity christens them like men and women with specific missions...

All this and more is present between Jesus and Sarara who love one another with divine love as only man and woman on earth can experience and live.

From astronomy to chemistry,
From physics to these occult sciences
Of energy perfectly
Mastered by the Atlanteans,
A man, a woman,
Jesus and Sarara,
Ask without answering,
Answer without asking,
Living in the same sacred space, what
Before them and after,

Eternally, brothers and sisters,
Children of god in the
Christ Flame, will express of
Divine in man,
Linking earth and sky and bringing
The heavens to earth's reach, through the
Heart, in the intensity of
Full devotion to the most beautiful
Achievement given to
Human beings to live,
This submission to the Father by the son
In complete freedom of Expression, in the
Breath of the Holy Spirit brought to
Manifestation even to the
Radiant clarity of redeemed
Flesh.
Cosmically engaged, Jesus and Sarara
Will live the carnal wedding of a
Heart, of a future ascent, in the
The radiant acceptance of the
Divine light that every Love
Incarnates.

From one day to another, Sarara enables the
Rituals as Atlantean Grand
Priestess, presiding and
Blessing, as mediator, what her radiant
Energy communicates in the
Body of her flesh and
Offers to all.
In a way, Jesus helps her.

These two recognize each other as coming from the
Same Father and the Love that links them is
A divine consciousness of common
Belonging that nothing can alter, that
No one, in the end, can really
Understand.

When Sarara spends her first
Night with Jesus, gossip
Starts spreading freely in the
Aisles of the garden of the Temple.
First night of prayer and communion,
Where neither of them was possessed by any desire,
Where they simply gave their thanks.
But one must believe that purity is
Far from those minds, that
Intentions are always attributed
Wrongly and that if Love is not
Lived, how can it
Be, perceived by others, and
Understood inwardly?

Thus, following a chaste and beautiful night where
prayer was the common attraction toward a divine
quality in each cell of the body, where light-irradiat-
ed eyes were magnified by the purity of hearts, Jesus
came before the student council and Sarara's story
was told to her superior, the Principal Priest. She re-
told her story face to face with him, conscientiously,
under Atlantean law, and arbiters were watching

them both from hidden rooms whose walls had eyes and ears.

Sarara pleaded sincerity, purity, love as they were taught to her and as she practiced them from the beginning of her function as Grand Priestess of the Temple of the purple Flame.

Sarara even wrote a letter that she gave to the Principal, laughing inwardly at the frustration of the arbiters, she presumes, knowing them well. They will rush to read it after I am gone, she thinks, smiling, humorously. The Principal is surprised, indeed, letters are seldom used, but unprepared for this unusual innovation, he reads it silently.

From the heart of the rose to my rose-colored
Cheeks, from the novel fragrance of his
Eyes to the freshness of his mouth,
From the harmony of his voice to
The vastness of his heart, the
Rose will turn blue because it is
To be born from the drops of blood
Spilled from this chalice he
Will fill to overflowing,
Accomplished son of God,
In the heart of the Father, like
A son, with the consent of the
Breath of the Spirit.
The Saint of saints radiates to
Crimson a blue-colored rose

Which the Prince of all times,
Blessed like a son, loves all
Men, loves all women, in
The Love of God, by the force of the
Father.

To this power I have been sensitive, it is
True, of this love I taste the fruit,
It is true,
How can one be stronger than the Father, who
Gives him his, unconditionally,
How could I break my promise by not recognizing
What has been taught to me
Eternally and that I find here on earth
In the son of God incarnated?
From my incarnation to his,
I have woven a magic night in
Lying awake together under the light of
Our consciousness of the Father.

Did I sin?
I think not.
Will you sin?
Maybe if you judge inappropriate
A beautiful love that, respecting
My function as a virgin, to
Take on the Grand Priesthood as a
Woman, only gave without
Taking anything, and this on both sides.

In the immense folly people
Demonstrate through profane acts

Mothered by thoughtlessness, I
Naively thought that priests, at
Least, believed and practiced what
They taught?
But then what to think before
The Love that backs them to the wall,
They attempt to still see what they
Abandon to lust?

I fulfill my contract,
I thank God because I love,
If the man is named Jesus, he
Is but a divine son
Fulfilled, we love each other,
It is true.
Where is the wrong? Where do you see it?
We love each other and I
Am proud of this because God is of this
Love, even you have taught me so;
Principal, I surrender, not to
Men, not to you, but
To the Divine each person carries within.
It is to this very light I
Answered, and to it, within me, he has
Adhered.
Have we sinned?
No, we have loved.
We love.
We will love and this for eternity.
I thank God with humility, but
Cannot in the least regret

This angelic night that the
Eyes of the Father have approved.

Thank you for understanding this.

SARARA

The Principal, with a movement of his hand adorned with amethysts, dismisses Sarara, not without a satisfied smile, her honor is intact and she is so beautiful! How can I not respect such truth, such candor... is it a provocation? ...maybe... after all, he says to himself, Sarara is mature enough to live according to the divine law in her soul and conscience.

Sarara respectfully bows before leaving.

As for Jesus, he went before the first year student council.

– This is not the least of outrages! Proclaimed Salam, the student leader, the Grand Priestess is involved, how can you explain yourself?

– There is no rational explanation possible where love is concerned, replied Jesus.

– But one night! After all... one night! ... what happened?

– We prayed and thanked God together. We laughed too. We were happy in our hearts through the joy of being but children before our Father.

– My God! This is so complex!

Salam is clearly in the deep. This is an occurrence without precedent! ...

– On the contrary, it is astonishingly simple, said Dapha, they did nothing but love. Is it not our path too, of each of us? Why so much fuss?

Jesus adds nothing; he waits in peace, knowing that love is sometimes not understandable to some...

Sarara is quite beautiful, adds Salam, obviously, to love platonically such a creature is a matter for... for...

– For the Divine, answers Jesus.

– True, but...

– But, continues Jesus, if you raise such a stir, I am beginning to wonder if I shouldn't go further! ... to finalize it perhaps...

Momentarily silent, Salam restrains his answer, and then adds:

– After all, this is the Principal's business, if he's all right with it, so are we. Let's not be more spiritual than the divine representative himself. Let us seek the answer!

At this moment Sarara, absolved, enters and announces the good news, before leaving hand in hand with Jesus whom she accompanies to her place tonight, in a small house deep in the violet-colored garden, to the East of the Temple of the purple Flame.

The sunset is filled with lustrous bronze reflections as Jesus and Sarara, after a light supper, hand in hand on the low bed covered with mauve-colored silk, fall asleep for a second night, whose purity becomes immediately sealed over the vastness of the Atlantean sky whose eternity will be the guardian of the Golden Age to come, whose advent would be witnessed by the twenty-first century.

The sleep of the initiate is always revealing or catalyzing, it depends. Jesus and Sarara follow the path of the opening of the heart and the sky of their night paves an awakened conscience in common to them. The path seems so fragile sometimes, the way so new, shadows join them that they touch lightly with a laugh, silly ideas assail them that they brush off with a patient gaze. The sky is a screen that projects them to future landscapes of a vastness that the world organizes with its history of peoples, nations and pioneers. The sky has premonitions that the heart alone encounters with a clear space, while the body strays or dies in it because it is very vulnerable when handled through these men and women, malleable instruments of conflicting forces destined to destroy it.

The sky-bed of Sarara is poetic and visionary, that of Jesus divinely clear, and the love he feels for her is a luminous board on which he floats, crossing quiet oceans whose future waves are still invisibly present, like prudent messengers who only reveal premises

whose finality seals with anticipation the time that foresees them, without revealing them completely.

In her heart, Sarara is a soul forged with discipline to which the divine manifests itself in her presence. Jesus, for her, is this expression in her disciplined life.

In his soul, Jesus is a pioneer of love that no one has yet touched to such an extent. His youth and beauty are so close to those of Sarara that he is astonished like a lover who discovers himself in the love he so deserves, but with one difference, that he considers Sarara a gift from God that he had never dreamed of.

Supreme destiny of two young people whose purity is the extreme unction of a life devoted to the divine before being lived.

This very night, the second of their white betrothal, Sarara and Jesus, in the sky of their destiny, have definitely experienced an infinite love which, in eternity, brought them together to better separate them physically afterwards, to recreate, in the temple of the soul, with the fruitful love of the divine and human in the sacred music of a Word become flesh that, before turning once more divine in its eternal source, passed through this magic Temple whose purple Flame gathered in their bodies the ardent radiance of the Divine when, transcended in its human manifestation, its superb shapes pay homage to Its own expression, always more beautiful, always more luminous.

This very night, the Divine gazed upon itself, on earth, in the closed eyes of two young people whose radiant beauty already answered the questions without answers that their lives would motivate for many centuries to come.

Sarara has remained unknown.

Of Jesus, you know everything or almost.

Sarara in returning will reveal herself.

Jesus in helping her will answer you.

Thus, during this very night—the second—together did they seal in a Temple in Atlantis, deep in the gardens of the East, the project of the Father to return to the Golden Age, the seventh, the one, incarnated, the other, ascended, to reveal and tell the story of their highest love of which Joseph, the future Saint Germain, had the premonition in sending his son Jesus to the Temple of the purple Flame where he prepared his initiation with the one who taught it, with the one whom he loved with this divine and human love, whose kind tolerance was present when he met Mary Magdalene, welcomed by him in testimony of the love of his youth that his heart, then crucified, would never forget.

Like a transparent veil, like a curtain opening, the scene of a starry violet-colored dawn finds them in the morning, hand in hand. They have not moved so

much their docile bodies have kept of the night but a hand in a hand for a serene return.

Their eyes meet, surprised to have lost one another in the aerial spaces that vanish in the early morning, laughing do they rise, already the young servants have prepared a bath for Sarara, in a pool of milk they immerse themselves together, like two children, naked and so beautiful that the four young girls in Sarara's service are bedazzled.

They bathe and wash themselves, their milk-washed skin is soft; at this moment a letter from the Principal arrives, Sarara gets out of the bath to read the letter, which authorizes them to live under the same roof and share the initiatory path, by decision of the esoteric Council of the Temple of the purple Flame, the authorization had been given to which the celestial Hierarchy no doubt had a say.

Jesus reads the letter after Sarara.

A ritual ceremony will ratify the decision during the Full Moon of June, in one and a half months.

Such is no doubt the decision of the Lords of Karma, and the news is important.

Sarara is happy

Jesus is overjoyed

They are the betrothed of the Divine,

Beautiful will be the path, this morning,
They promise this to each other before taking the
Solemn oath that
Will unite them to God and to people.

Nevertheless, Jesus is sorry not to be able to tell his father Joseph and his mother Mary. But the intentions of the Father are sometimes unfathomable and so loosely related to the so-called human family that he decides to forget all this to devote himself, with Sarara, to the spiritual and occult preparation of their betrothal before the purple Flame.

The blue rose, offered by Sarara at the time of their first meeting, stands on the low night stand near their common bed, each night the flower assume different iridescent tones, from rose-color to violet, through silver, gold or yellow, its petals take on soft and harmonious tones with subtle fragrances, Sarara explains to Jesus that these are codes from the Master who works for the great White Brotherhood alongside the Father, through the all powerful will of God.

Jesus admires the tones and is attentive to the different fragrances that emanate daily from the blue rose. The flower, nearly one month old, is immortal and its freshness is surprising as well as its beauty. Sarara's house is quite lovely. Invisible from the outside where it merges with the vegetation and the flowers, the inside is a succession of patios and bedrooms or rooms, both immense and very intimate due to the luminosity and colors, of which some are

open to the sky. It never rains because of a process that starts regularly from first raindrops that fall, a transparent screen is activated, made of dense energy unfolding like an invisible and flat roof, like a polished and sound proof surface, so much that the drops are instantaneously repelled by a thin layer of air that keeps water from touching the roof.

It is beautiful and the technical process is extremely innovative and efficient.

The Principal asked Sarara and Jesus to spend nights apart until the betrothal ritual, but at Sarah's request, he authorized them to share the night on the subtle planes and in separate bedrooms on the physical plane.

Thus Jesus stays with Sarara but for now, during the day they work, individually or together, united or apart.

Jesus is a brilliant student; Sarara fulfills her function of Great Priestess with much rigor and discipline.

They have become the engaged couple cherished by all at the temple.

To see them together is a privilege, to know them an honor, to be invited by them true happiness.

But everyone here respects them enough to show consideration for their intimacy and to await in full meditative piety the ritual marriage that will unite them in the eyes and hearts of everyone.

Besides the fascinating Atlantean inventions based on the esoteric science of psychic energy and energy in general, as well as energetic medicine linked to the wheels of the energy centers of the human body, numbering eight, besides the technical mechanisms, all based as well on this science of the energetic, the esoteric mysteries are taught as the twelve divine qualities that determine the magnetic fields compatible with specific meditation and visualization practices.

Jesus is fascinated by these teachings that entail the absolute necessity to work on the self without which the powers of the Atlanteans would be dangerous and could turn against them, jeopardizing their entire civilization.

Jesus has long conversations with the Principal, the Priest Melches, whom he meets regularly several times a week. A friendship is born from their dialogue, both warm and modest, where the wise old man's humor makes Jesus—who lacks no humor himself—laugh out loud.

Sarara, quite busy with a class given to young vestals on the path of priesthood, is often absent,

leaving Jesus to his studies that take a lot of time and that he likes to talk about with Melches who is worried, and has been for some time, that so many people across the land abuse certain energetic techniques for self benefit. The old wise man is beginning to doubt the ethics of the Atlantean people and its tradition of altruism and giving. News of deviance has been brought to his attention and this is one of the main reasons for his worry and reservations about certain students in the Temple, placed by an intelligentsia less and less attentive to the cautions of the religious about giving these teachings to the unworthy.

– There is no more ethics or even simple respect... sighs Melches as Jesus, again today, tries to reassure him.

– Is not the divine law of cause and effect strong enough to reassure you about the current infractions? He asks.

– No, replies Melches, as we can easily, with the power we emit, destroy ourselves collectively in a dramatic way, and this law will hold for several centuries when the Atlanteans reincarnate... but for now, it is alarming, trust me Jesus, you are a brilliant student and I would like you to take from here an exemplary wisdom to the eyes of the world, in testimony of the divine...

– I thank God every day for the privilege of being taught here, I will use it wisely, count on me.

– I know... replies Melches. Just then Jesus glimpses an other-worldly complicity in the smile of the master. Would I ever have dreamt this? He asks himself while taking leave from Melches who waves good-bye with his left hand.

The evening looks calm and Sarara, clothed in crimson, is lying on white pillows in the living room that opens to the garden. She is waiting for Jesus and dinner. They finally come, first Jesus who kisses her tenderly on the lips, then dinner, a succulent assortment of fruits mixed with a preparation of curds and chopped dried fruit.

Jesus then enters, he is hungry and slightly tired, good timing!

They dine face to face, reclined on pillows, at first without speaking, then Jesus tells Sarara about his day, and she in turn reciprocates.

Jesus gazes on Sarara, her beauty is so perfect that every time, every day, he is deeply moved. Sarara is aware of this, but she pretends not to notice, and plays with it but never takes advantage of him. She is so pure that it is a delight; Jesus loves her with all his being.

Smiling, she replies to his silent confessions:

– You are far from ugly yourself, you know! Before nestling into his arms.

Shared love is the most beautiful gift of the Divine, and such do they live it, dazzled by their luck—at least this is what comes to their minds—to love one another is an opportunity to give thanks and pray, it is beautiful, they say to themselves before quietly going their own ways to sleep until this blessed day which is tomorrow.

Thus, from tomorrow to tomorrow the awaited day arrives, the day of the full moon of June, this twenty-first of June in an unnamed year. The year is not important to know because duration is insignificant in the eternity that will celebrate every year, unremittingly, this blessed day when Jesus married Sarara in the Temple of the purple Flame, he was twenty-six years old, she was twenty-five, they were beautiful like an immense heart and so pure.

It was a story that was just beginning, and yet already, through so much happiness and love, she was dedicated to an uncommon destiny of which they were, one and the other, the docile instruments submitted to the eternal Divine by a common wish their bodies would seal on the ground of Atlantis.

Let us imagine a continent having reached near perfection through a wisdom applied to the esoteric science of energy, a happy continent where peace of spirit and body reigns, a continent ready and able to imprint the world with the seal of wisdom and Love, a place where God in his multiple expressions becomes differentiated by gathering at the heart of the essential that is humanity, in his return toward Him, having reached the apotheosis of studies of which the sacred Teachings are the source.

Imagination is a weak substitute for reality in which frenzied materialism can not understand. And yet the harsh and egocentric forces of a minority destroyed this enchantment. Melches, the Principal, was right to worry, often, unfortunately, the majority cannot rule a minority in power on whom people in society depend forever.

Atlantis had already begun its spiritual decline because of an perpetual ill-conceived quest for more, facilitated by a high level of education whose formidable potentialities were diverted from their original meaning whose parallel with human evolution was the most important essential condition.

Sarara and Jesus knew nothing about this yet. Or maybe they did, as they were part of this divine Plan for a better humanity. It was time for Divine Love of which Jesus, its main messenger in our era of Pisces, had come to prepare, because nothing can be given,

transmitted or communicated if not first lived in the body, spirit and heart of human beings that we all are, foremost, on planet earth.

This initiatory path, a sacred mission from the Divine, went, for Jesus, through Atlantis and the Temple of the purple Flame that his father Joseph would, in his subsequent incarnations, bring to the world, via spiritual alchemy, so well known in Atlantis, so badly handled afterwards, that he would have to carry—much later, in the twenty-first century—as Lord of the purple ray, seventh divine quality and catalyst with the will to divine power of the ray One of his ascended Brother EL MORYA, of this Golden Age of which the seventh race would be the advent of the divine in men, women, after an initiatory evolution that the Externalization of the Masters of the ageless wisdom would settle on earth, making accessible, once more, the light of the Divine Being in his human temple—Christ—accessible to all.

Jesus was there, today, taking the first initiatory step of this light of which Christ would anoint his vehicles later. But if the story afterwards is known, it has been so distorted by an obtuse religious tribe that it is preferable here to not evoke the useless arguments that a discussion would start in this regard.

We are thus in Atlantis, in the Temple of the purple Flame whose power is known by the priests and that Sarara, as the Great Priestess, practiced and respect-

ed the immense intensity she lived daily in her energetic structure that the Christ light would sow through the channel of Jesus, her future husband, as she would transmit this generous and receptive yin polarity that would make of his message of unconditional love, on earth and in the name of the Father, a feminine message of forgiveness, mercy, tolerance, Love of course, never in these times and up to now, delivered by any other man.

To be a man in those times was a combative struggle and let us say, macho-like regarding power. The very physique of Jesus brought to the world a new dimension, in accord with his mission. This physique, soft and hieratic, clear and luminous, was part of the divine Plan to impress minds with the harmony between him and his speech, between his message and the example of his life.

And not the reverse, he did not become this radiance, he was already, physically able to radiate this light and in this way.

Let us return to the Temple of the purple Flame, on this June twenty-first, the day of the spiritual and physical wedding of Jesus with Sarara, the Great Priestess.

In the Atlantean tradition, an officiating Great Priestess is always a virgin, and the day of wedding she is married to God in the highest energetic vibra-

tions conferred by her function and to which she is dedicated in a severe discipline that nothing and no one can divert.

Surely, at this level, in her inner intimacy before God whom she serves, Sarara has recognized in Jesus the husband He had sent her and to whom she had to transmit her knowledge and her energetic experience, not through theoretical teaching alone but through energetic transmission, structure to structure, through a contact of which the physical body carries the symbol of this invisible initiation that makes Sarara a servant of God, solely, and of Jesus his Beloved son who will testify of the divine Love in everything and everyone through each one.

It is here that, from this mystical marriage, the divine energetic betrothal of two children, conscious of it but objectively unconscious of the short and long term project where the divine Plan, on the one hand, places them, and, on the other hand instructs them to teach this ungrateful world that each will later confront alone.

The day is beautiful with its cloudless sky whose light is reflected by the Temple over its polished marble surfaces. Everything is quiet, the gardens are empty when Jesus paces, for the last time, its elegant alleys.

It would seem that a great meditation has thrown everyone into a silence, a tacit agreement of occult necessity linked to the energies in play today. Jesus is silent, he thinks about Joseph, his father, and tries, as he has learned here, to communicate to him how important a day this is from the standpoint of a conscious initiatory journey whose outcome he does not know.

His thought, like an arrow of light, speeds beyond the oceans as if distance was nothing more than an unnoticed hyphen, an energetic union that joins in people's minds, the sum total of powerful energies everyone is responsible for, both in clarity and celerity. Light, Jesus has also learned, travels quite rapidly as while it illuminates it also fills space with its all-powerful clarity.

Joseph suddenly seems very near. Attentive in his mind, Jesus suddenly stops in front of a fragrant wisteria, struck straight in his heart by the fragrance of the flowers and by the certainty that his modest carpenter of a father knows much more, of many things on earth, than his humble position in society would lead to believe.

It is as if Joseph, by already knowing of the immense possibilities taught here, rejoined his son through the intangible luminosity of the purple Flame whose occult power, accessible to those able to reach it by themselves, vibrates in space.

The mauve exhalation of the fragrance of the wisteria carries Jesus away; his heart bursts into another dimension, like a secret code giving him access to the perception of Joseph, his father.

The illusory veil of distance has fallen and Jesus experiences in his vehicles a sensation of expansion, the psychical implications of which he has learned, theoretically, here in Atlantis.

Indeed, the arrow of thought opens the energetic structure of the subtle bodies while prolonging it in its trajectory, mobilizing a fluid intensity that serves as a magnet over the energetic structure of the receiver, in this case, Joseph, his father.

The contact has been established, Jesus can feel the impact created by the energetic magnetization thus connected with an awakened attentiveness with the receiver whose alertness will—if he knows how to empty it of any explorative or analytical thoughts—become the crucible of an inner alchemy directed in complete openness over the intention whose germ, thus placed, will bloom to sow the understanding of the receiver with the reality of the sender, through the heart.

The process is so fast that Jesus realizes that his father Joseph not only knows, but that he is well practiced. Jesus, though surprised, understands that

Joseph is not in his life by chance and that the maternal pole, although important, is accompanied by a paternal pole that is more than present, it is initiated.

The wisteria softly sways to the rhythm of a light breeze, imperceptible without this movement, while Jesus, immobile, receives the joy of Joseph, like a message of encouragement that his son Jesus, today, takes at face value, while later, this instant of spiritual contact between the two men will become a point of reference for Jesus, when abandoned by all, he will return to it, in his heart, with a different understanding, like a Seed to keep, a flower to love until it fades and its petals drop one by one and the heart of Jesus will resound with a human echo, a homage to the divine.

But Jesus is far from all that, today the joy of being a son communicating interiorly with Joseph is what will later allow him to initiate a transcendence to his Father, because a solid base of paternal fraternity has paved the start of his life of trust and respect and complicity. What no one will ever know is that this base is given by an initiate, whose cover as a carpenter was a means to protect the beginnings of a child whose divine mission was of utmost importance in the divine Plan whose responsibility he had accepted, still unconsciously but intuitively, in his initiatory stay in Atlantis that would last five years.

For now, before the wisteria whose mauve aura haloes him with a delicious fragrance, Jesus, in a contact of communion with Joseph, his father, exudes an infinite joy that bathes this entire meditative day, and for several years to come.

The purification ceremonies have begun in Sarara's house when Jesus returns to prepare himself as well. The two youngest priests of the Temple along with two novices are present to bathe and prepare him, while Sarara is prepared by the Elder of the Temple and two young apprentices of the purple Flame who assist her during the meditation rituals.

Preparation and Purification
of
SARARA

The body, both delicate and sculptural in its perfect proportions, leaves the milk bath to step under a purifying, lukewarm cascade while two novices rub it down with aromatic herbal brushes blending the aromas of sage, peppermint and thyme. During this purification with water and plants, sweet songs gently fill the bathroom, while a multitude of candles burn in tall, rose-colored, vertical flames, within a four by three meter rectangle with a mauve, silk covered, single-sized bed placed in the center.

After the purification with water and plants, under the attentive eyes of Sepha the Elder, Sarara is gently dried with a thin cloth of pure white cotton which is immediately burned afterwards in an immense bowl located to the west of the room where a rose-colored fire blazes. Then, Sepha opens the side of the rectangle at the foot of the bed, so that Sarara, followed by the two virgin novices, enters the area that she then closes.

Sarara lies down on her stomach while the two novices kneel down to waist level at her sides. On the right and left of her body are two bowls containing a aromatic oil of pure sandalwood, a small

amount of musk, amber and rose essences. The aroma is both subtle and exhilarating.

The novices, who have been trained, dip their entire hands in the oil and remove any extra drops. Sarara, with her arms parallel to her body and her face toward the East is then meticulously massaged, with the intensity of the palms of the four hands at work but also with circular motions made with the back of the hands.

Specific points are squeezed and worked on more deeply like the sacrum and the base of the head while the buttocks and fleshy parts are kneaded so as to allow the aromatic, spiritual and physical properties of the oil to penetrate.

All along the spinal column the energetic centers of divine will corresponding to the energies of the centers of physical action, on the front of the body, are massaged in circles, clockwise or counterclockwise, alternatively.

This massage lasts for one hour, the room is bathed in the scent of myrrh and the pure incense that Sepha the elder has tossed into the rose-colored crackling fire bowl. The atmosphere is sacred and Sarara's skin has the appearance of delicately amber-colored silky satin. Her nudity is so beautiful that no immodesty or perversity emanates from it.

When the two novices help her to turn on her back, Sarara, eyes closed, in deep meditation, offers her body again to the subtle massage that now gently caress her form, half an hour for the center in front, on the body, corresponding to the three vehicles, physical, etheric and mental. A slow and soft programming of the night to come, making her the carnal spouse, of Jesus, anointed this very night by the Lords co-Creators of the violet-colored ray of divine ritual and magical qualities, whose ceremony at the Temple is the spiritual counterpart of harmonization.

Delicate soft hands stimulate specific points of the body to energetically prepare this ritual of physical love that Sarara and Jesus will live tonight starting at ten o'clock, after the festivities that follow the ceremony of the purple Flame for the union of two beings in God the divine Father anointing his children with the Holy Spirit to thus consecrate them officially, exoterically, to His divine works on the physical plane.

The massage of Sarara's breasts is quite special as the novices massage around the sides, making the firm forms shake, and the Elder Sepha, who has now joined them, lightly massages the nipples with the palm of her right hand, making them grow erect under her lightly oiled, aromatic strokes.

The goal of the ritual is for Sarara to abandon her body to the massage, to the sensual energies that

open her body and make it surrender while her mind, tranquil and meditative, is to integrate its physical and energetic movements.

Submission to the divine starts with giving the body, which is its temple, and if the latter cannot release sufficiently, then, the divine cannot find a sufficient space as the reserves, whichever they are, are obstructions that imperatively must be swept away.

Atlantean children learn this very early on, when they dance or practice any of a number of artistic expressions, corporal or otherwise, that they are taught:

- 1) To acquire a corporal discipline and technique that will give them the self-discipline necessary for any spiritual journey.

- 2) The possibility, by forgetting the technique, to let go completely to the energy in the bodily instrument.

Sarara learned at a very early age that the physical body is only a means and absolutely not an end in itself.

Thus the massage that prepares her for a night of carnal love prepares the sexual and sensual relaxation necessary so that her body will be a special receptacle, in which the divine, invoked and welcomed, can be expressed in daily life.

During the entire massage, Sarara's meditation carries her to a retrospective reflection of all she has been taught since childhood, up to this precise moment when divine love will be fully lived in a human and spiritual union of the being in the fourfold polarity: positive, plus-plus, negative, minus-minus, of which every couple on earth becomes the energetic outlet of a divine power increased tenfold by consciousness and vigilance in its application.

The service to the divine Plan and submission to God, that have always been natural to Sarara, go hand in hand and it is in full consciousness of her responsibility as a divine and human being, both in her totality as a woman and Priestess, that she is dedicated and that she has become fully engaged in this ultimate function, unusual for her age. But the wedding apparently belongs to the divine project of their coupled destiny, of Jesus and herself, that amply resonates since their encounter. A common destiny of two hearts whose soul in its omnipresence has found these two poles on earth that was able, in a greater project for humanity, to join for this day and night opening their consciences to a more subtle plane on which they will both be regenerated and initiated to greater dimensions that love alone can see, reach and live fully.

Love is the source of all energy and every reality. As such, it is in itself a multiple quality, multipliable and boundless, that our physical, spiritual and intel-

lectual means cannot use but can serve. It is from this acute consciousness that Sarara nourishes her reflection while her physical body vibrates under the six hands that prepare her for her night.

Like all Atlanteans, Sarara knows her body well and she caresses it regularly to attain relaxation and well-being. She had been taught as an adolescent, when she reached the age of puberty at the age of twelve, that orgasm was not the goal but only the result of well-being reaching its height. Orgasm is not important for the divine project of the body, it is but a means, with the partner, the spouse, to open and relax the cervix for the ovaries to receive with a truly relaxed pelvis, the sperm, in the most natural way.

The young are thus advised to reach a state of well-being through the body, it is a soft and vibrant pleasure they experience in a relaxation that maintains its balance by opening up, by ridding the body of its energy blockages in order to allow all the energies of the centers of the etheric body to circulate and cleanse the slightest obstructions sensed, whether they are due to unconscious emotional or mental factors.

Sarara is thus accustomed to these massages to which she abandons herself with all her body, before the rituals, to harmonize these energies before invoking the divine energies of the purple Flame of the heart of God.

With long strokes of the palms, the hands have moved from the breasts to the stomach before reaching the sexual organs, first parting the thighs gently, Sepha the Elder has turned toward the rose-colored fire that she feeds with incense and myrrh before reciting an invocation:

God of power and forgiveness,
God of joy and sometimes God of anger,
We prepare for You, here our
Great Priestess that You have had
The great kindness to
Choose as keeper of Your
Flame.

Here, we operate the rituals of
Purification and now,
Under your extreme protection,
We will open, to
Prepare it for the living Fire of Your
Love, the root of every
Human being whose center of energy
Determines the rise of Your sap of
Life along the spiritual spine
Of Your Divine
Intention to procreate or not.
Before Your divine and attentive eyes
We offer You this ultimate
Preparation of the flower of our
Great Priestess that You love,
This humble girl, Your servant

Forever.

With this divine project we
Ask for help and kindness,
Love and purification.

Sepha has a beautifully resonant, droning voice in this chant; she offers a platter of fresh fruit to the rose fire, a plate of nectarines and oranges, mangos, bananas, strawberries, and guava, specially prepared for this occasion. The fruits have been peeled and washed; their flesh is firm and fresh. Sepha then walks toward the bed where Sarara, thighs spread, lies on her back. Her body is relaxed, her shaved pubis shines with the brilliance of the oil with which the two novices delicately begin to massage her inner thighs, near the vulva, before slowly opening the labia.

Sepha is armed with a golden spoon and mashes the pulp of the mango, the strawberry, and the guava into a thick puree to which she adds several drops of virgin olive oil. She finishes the preparation by kneading it with her hands before transferring it on a golden platter to the two novices who both take some in their hands.

To the right of Sarara one of the novice brushes both the pubis and the clitoris, emphasizing the latter while rubbing the fruit cream in a stimulating circular movement. The other novice, to her left, brushes the opening between the two open labia, focusing on

a specific point called the F point in Atlantean, located just one centimeter inside the rim of the labia. The hands work gently, slowly bringing Sarara's body to an immense relaxation, her face, eyes still closed, is so pure and beautiful that the Elder is in a trance. Sepha now massages the full lips of the face she then dries to cover them with pure sandalwood oil. She again sponges off any excess with a white cotton cloth. Sarara's mouth is natural and yet she already seems to be wearing make-up. Then, Sepha returns to the fire that she again feeds with incense and myrrh, while the two young girls continue massaging the sensitive areas of Sarara's open femininity.

The vulva is then cleansed and dried of the fresh fruit cream, the nectarine and the orange have been pressed and their juice mixed, the banana is dipped into the juice before stimulating the previously readied clitoris, and is then placed over the point F where specific movements will mash it without penetrating further.

Sarara is extremely relaxed and immobile, her face, impassive, has simply taken on a ruddy hue and her breasts point toward the sky, nipples erect from the stimulation of the sensitive points of her sex organs.

More than a stimulation, the hands of the young novices perform a true massage up and down over these points. Sarara, who has always known not to

seek orgasm, very clearly feels an energetic column shooting up from the base of her spinal column to the tip of her head, where she feels immense freshness. In her motionless meditative reflection, the energetic column created takes on tones ranging from red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and finally purple at its summit before enveloping Sarara with a breaking wave of light of the same color that she welcomes with joy and in full consciousness.

Her body seems light to her, she savors a spreading weightlessness in a vibrant space in which she does not feel imprisoned at all.

The novices finish. Sarara is dried and clothed in a rose-colored silk robe while pink, scarlet, white and yellow rose petals are strewn around her bed. The oils, the bowls, the plates and the fruit creams are carried away from the luminous rectangle with its half-burned candles; the flames are closer now, perhaps forty centimeters above the ground and Sarara remains alone in a luminous room where pink fire and flames, around her, illuminate this purification with a warmth the sky absorbs through the open roof.

Sarara remains motionless with her hands crossed over her heart, like an energetic hearth to be honored during the ceremonies to come and, in the adjacent room, her finery is being prepared—four layers of robes and gowns that correspond to the four bodies:

physical, astral, mental and spiritual, forming the threshold of an already well developed energetic structure whose heart must still experience a movement toward transformation, not ultimate for the world, but maximal for the times.

Preparation and Purification
of
JESUS

Jesus' purification begins identically to that of Sarara's, with a milk bath and flowing water rinse, followed by a brushing down with an aromatic herbal brush.

Then, the same purifying fire hearth, fed with incense and myrrh, is present in the room, but a round bed, covered with mauve silk, surrounded by a large circle of candles, awaits him.

The back massage is the same as the energetic centers of divine will are made of positive energy of spiritual and initiatory power, whose source in God unites in itself the reverse polarities to resolve its differences.

When Jesus turns on his back the massage becomes specific to the masculine body, as with Sarara, the massage became specific to the feminine body. Two young novices from the Temple officiate for this preparatory ritual under the high authority of the deputy Principal. The affective links between Melches and Jesus are too strong for the former to preside over this ritual and he has asked Louxence to assist Jesus in these sacred preparations.

The two young novices are on the round bed with Jesus whose body is massaged starting with the neck and the torso, the stomach, the belly and the abdomen, then the thighs. The oil applied is pure musk with amber combined with a small amount of sage.

This oil has been sanctified in advance, before the altar where a mauve fire burns, with an invocation pronounced by Louxence:

God of strength, power and
Authority,
God of kindness,
Jesus, Your beloved son
Is prepared for You for the ultimate
Sanctification through human Love,
Prelude and means toward
The unconditional Love to which You
Destine him.
May Your supreme presence accompany him
In this human journey You have
Willed Divine so that down on earth and
Forever Your
Will may be done.
May it be such,
Today, tonight and in all
Eternity, in and through the
Purple Flame of Your unconditional
Heart.
May Your will be done.

Louxence then kneels, with his back to Jesus, facing the altar, and while he meditates on the mauve fire, the two novices initiate an extremely sophisticated and skilful massage over the meticulously shaved pubic area, the testicles and the penis. The legs and the thighs of Jesus are spread, a line traced by wisteria petals closes the base of the triangle thus formed with the lower limbs.

Jesus is immobile and his body relaxed, while a strong erection slowly rises, the two young men intensify their massage with circular motions around the base of the penis and also move specifically over and around the testicles and gland.

When the erection brings the penis to a vertical position, a song begins; Louxence stands up to sprinkle myrrh and incense over the mauve fire and begins chanting:

So that space be made by
The energy of the couple and in Your
Honor, the purification here enacted will
Proceed with an ejaculation for the
Old to make way for the new for
A divine beginning in You and through You,
With the spouse chosen by You and with this
Child Jesus Your Love
Predestines for the world.
May the seed that gushes forth

Be the symbol of the powerful
Inalterable and endless energy of the
Sacred beginning these children
Jesus and his betrothed Sarara
Owe You.
May it be thus, now and
Forever, in Your eternity that
This sacred moment represents
On earth.
May it be thus.

The two novices then slowly bring Jesus to ejaculation, whose sperm is gathered in a silver cup before being poured, drop by drop, into the mauve fire.

Jesus is then dried and massaged with musk oil before being wrapped in mauve silk and left alone. The dressing ceremony will follow. He is clothed in a simple white robe with his waist wrapped with a silver belt he will thus enter the Temple.

In his relaxed head and body, his thoughts are evanescent. His heart is already larger, of Sarara or himself, this man with a highly extraordinary destiny does not yet know that 2000 years of fame await him while Sarara will be voluntarily erased from his life by men with prudish spiritual authority, with rigid minds who will dare make of Jesus a man he was not, due to their desire for power over others, under which they will make of Jesus a living asexual example, guilt-ridden for others, in the total ignorance

of this project of divine humanity that goes through the unity of polarities at one time or another, through the physical bodies with which we render divine the inner space, like men, women the Divine motivates to surrender so as to serve its plans on earth.

In this state of mind and of devotion to the Highest, with joy, does Jesus experience the ultimate ejaculation that separates him from Sarara now to bring them closer together.

With a calm, serene mind, in full tranquility of spirit, Jesus feels his semen gushing out in total mastery of his emotions he has learned here and in Egypt, liberating his body forever to open the space of his heart, through Sarara, to a divine shared love, for which they will henceforth be the sacred human poles. But Jesus, at this very moment, still believes that his destiny, linked to that of Sarara, will unfold in Atlantis. He does not yet objectively know that from their separation, purely initiatory, his path will open up, cosmically, thanks to Sarara and to their union, toward the infinite horizons of universal and divine Love of which he will soon become the solitary oracle to such an extent that he will believe to be abandoned by the Celestial Father who, today—and he thinks for his entire life—joins him to Sarara, His servant.

Relaxing on his round mauve bed, Jesus invokes the Father while once more his serene thoughts include

Joseph, his father, and his beloved mother Mary with the radiant smile. The couple instantly appears almost incongruous to him because his mother seems so strong and his father so docile, but deep within him he knows the surrendering strength of Joseph that he more easily sees the tender firmness of his mother Mary.

This will be his last thought before the deputy Principal comes to find and dress him.

The Union

In Atlantis, the sacred wedding of a Great Priestess is her symbolic union with God the Father, this union must include the recognition of God in the divine spark in the heart of the man, the woman, whose sacred calling is a divine mission in humanity.

Sarara, in a certain way, weds a man by submitting to the divine will that the Original Intention of God has manifested in her. For the Atlanteans, it is unthinkable to marry God without first knowing about man, his creature, the idea is so ludicrous that the priesthood can here be either feminine or masculine, because these differences bring all human beings within the kind divine gaze of a Most High giving to His corporal manifestations an equality of soul in which the body is no more than the receptacle. Sarara's mother and grandmother were Great Priestesses as well as their mother and grandmother, and this for several generations. Sarara's father passed away when she was a young girl, and has been replaced in her life by her grandfather the Principal Melches, from the time she was eight years old until her investiture as divine servant in the Temple of the purple Flame.

The secret archives contain the explanation and reason for this sacred wedding that Sarara and Jesus, today, under the auspices of the great co-creators, Lords of the Flame and the purple ray, the seventh, will consent to like instruments of the divine, on Earth, to serve for the best in the respective missions befalling them. Neither Sarara, nor Jesus know this part of the sacred archives that will be revealed today by Melches at the Temple.

The fluidity with which their encounter took place, the ease with which they loved each other and recognized the same Father, in service within Him, this opportunity within themselves, together, already united them.

The speeding up of this entire story by the Principal, the wedding so quickly decided, the date chosen for the summer solstice, non-fortuitously, this whole rapid sequence of events programmed from above, so to say, is both so simple and disconcerting at the same time, that it seems, for both of them, on this morning of June twenty-first, that they have come to find themselves here, in Atlantis, for a project coming from afar, of which they are at the same time ignorant but a blessed party.

Jesus and Sarara are happy this beautiful morning, but do their hearts, slowly opening, perceive in this mutual responsibility the surprising separation on which their destiny will depend? No, for now they

are the betrothed of the Temple of the purple Flame and will, as such, unite for the Most High and for the worst, like the sky and the earth, within the few years that their common destiny, linked to the history of humanity in its entirety, resonates with the deep echo of the Word to which their flesh, filled with the divine, will then respond.

Hidden in a small white marble room, Jesus witnesses Sarara's entry into the Temple.

Sultana, beautiful, face hidden under a mask, she enters majestically, clothed in red. Her hair is hidden under a veil of the same color and her mask, also red, is decorated with diamonds that frame her immense eyes one can barely perceive how far away she still is.

Sarara is preceded by two lines of novices, young men and women clothed in gold. Midway in the central aisle they all pause in front of the Principal Melches who now faces Sarara, while the novices, clothed in gold, now follow her and, stop before the altar of the rose Flame, the flame of human life that symbolizes the physical earthly plane. There, Sepha the elder removes her red robe to reveal an orange gown, flowing slightly more than the red carcanet removed. From under the crimson scarf hiding her hair an orange veil appears that also covers her face as she approaches the altar of the rose-colored Flame to make an offering of powdered incense, mixed

with golden grains. The flame crackles and sways, giving off fragrant smoke as Melches takes her by the hand, leading her to a second altar where a beautiful orange and yellow Flame burns in alternating colors.

Sepha moves closer to Sarara and, assisted by one of the novices clothed in gold, removes the orange veil to throw it into the flame which devours it in a yellow-orange burst of fire. The orange dress meets with the same fate, along with a vivid yellow scarf she also unveiled.

Sarara's face is now visible. Sultana, and beautiful, the woman walks forward again; Jesus does not take his eyes off her. Her magnificent face is solemn, her eyes outlined with kohl are so deeply meditative that she seems absent from this magical space in which she is slowly undressed.

Now clothed in vivid green, in a fabric of delicate lamé that is softened by flimsy chiffon of the same tone, her breasts pressed in a leotard with close-fitting neck, Sarara herself is the adornment, in her sublime beauty, she is brought by Melches to the altar of the green Flame. Removed again, her clothes are now ripped and shredded, and thrown down to the foot of the altar where white cats with beautiful fur show their claws, something special might have been added, Jesus thinks as he watches.

Sarara is now wearing the tight-fitting gown that he has already seen her wear at the first ritual in which he participated here in Atlantis.

Sarara's body is molded like that of a glistening purple mermaid, Sepha adorns her ears and arms with large amethysts while two novices place a tiara of amethysts and diamonds on her head, that is quite striking over her full dark hair. Is this an effect of the lighting or an optical illusion? Sarara's eyes also seem made of amethyst, while she looks for the first time at the purple Flame to which she now bows down. The novices then surround her, forming a circle that points outwards, Sepha stands alone next to Sarara. Suddenly the purple slip drops off and falls outside of the circle where Melches picks it up to throw it in the column of purple Flame where it disappears, burning quickly.

The circle then disbands, Sepha follows and Sarara stands up, wearing a beautiful and simple white robe, a golden belt at her waist, the amethyst finery gleaming on her silken skin.

As a cappella rises within the sacred enclosure of the Temple, Jesus is filled with wonder. It is a silent ritual, nothing but the silence of God, it is magnificent, he thinks to himself.

Sarara, without moving, stares intensely at the purple Flame that has just consumed her last gown in a symbol where purification by detachment resonates

a violet-colored note in the entire Temple and in her eyes in particular while over her white robe, purple reflections shimmer like slender tongues or painterly strokes of color unfurling in the air.

Melches and the elder Sepha have climbed to the altar, at their feet, the bowl of the purple Flame glows with all its fire. Two young male novices bring a parchment scroll to Melches sealed with purple wax and a crimson silk ribbon.

Melches opens the scroll and begins reading it, the two young men are holding the parchment.

The voice of Melches then rises in the contemplative silence of the Temple.

“To the honorable assembly of the Guardians of the Flame here gathered, from the Lords of the ray, co-creators in these divine qualities to incarnate, We, Brothers and Sisters of the Upper Council of the blue rose, announce, symbolizing the highest spiritual instances both for the Earth, Venus and beyond, the coming in Atlantis of a seeker of the Flame skilled in living it as a testimony to all humanity.

This man will come from afar, from a Semite people, he will be named Jesus and will be one of yours because he is one of Ours.

Here, in this special Temple of the purple Flame, he will receive the initiation of the heart which, energetically in its reconciled polarities, will go through the love of an exceptional woman you will recognize by her great wisdom and her young age.

These two children with an uncommon destiny will be united by the Atlantean wise men in this very place where, on earth, is kept the purple Flame of the ray seven of divine magic qualities.

Atlantis is threatened but the message delivered will spread throughout the world like the thick cloud the ray Two of Love-Wisdom sends now and for 2000 years.

Through this man, Jesus, the flame will open a cosmic inner spiral in the human heart that you will call Christ, from the name of a Supreme Lord, Master anointing Jesus from the Highest initiatory Councils that exist.

May the union be strong,
May the joy be sublime,
May their divine reach elude no one, each one
Will then be responsible for it for all.

Go and serve
We remain
Your Brothers and Sisters
In the name of Love

The High Council of the Blue Rose from Sirius”

Jesus receives this overwhelming message in an unimaginable silence, discovering that, for him, the encounter with Sarara had been scheduled for a long time, conscious of the divine mission he sensed, tears come to his eyes, his heart seems to open further, Sarara’s eyes are still fixed on the purple Flame, Jesus does not know anymore, always knows, knows that in all eternity he was waiting for her, in and for a divine project that begins for both of them, consciously, today.

Jesus is moved and carried away by two novices who take him into the magic circle of the purple Flame.

Melches and Sepha together lay their hands on top of Jesus’ head who has knelt down before the purple Flame, then Melches walks toward Sarara who is still standing, Sepha helps Jesus stand to whom Melches brings Sarara by the hand. He puts the right hand of Sarara in the left hand of Jesus and then asks them to join their hands while he showers rose petals of different colors on them ending with fragrant pale red wisteria flowers.

Then comes the oath of the spouses that dedicates them to the divine in one another.

Jesus repeats after Sepha:

I, Jesus, surrender to the divine in you Sarara, my beloved spouse,

I love you in God in this project of His which unites us here on earth because He has joined us.

I, Jesus, will, by remaining your loving spouse until the end of this life and for eternity.

May the purple Flame follow us and may we purify ourselves in it forever to remain worthy of one another, in God almighty our Father who is in the Heavens and in our hearts.

Sarara repeats after Melches:

I, Sarara, surrender to the divine in your Jesus, my beloved spouse,

I love you in God, and offer you the casket that is my body like a sacred bowl.

I love you in God and love God in you through the chalice of my open heart in order to help your heart to its opening by the divine will of the Christ Lord almighty.

I, Sarara, will be the feminine pole of your virility until the end of this life and for an eternal achievement of our divine qualities by the man, by the woman we are, in ourselves and one another.

May the purple Flame to which I am dedicated assist us on the initiatory path.

May we love with dignity by rising toward the Father who is in the Heavens and in our hearts.

Jesus and Sarara then embrace each other, Sepha and Melches wrap their arms around them before blessing them.

The novices start singing a melodious chant, the priests and the vestals then follow. The vibratory harmony amplifies the Flame whose purple column lengthens toward the sky with a marked ascending movement. Hand in hand, Jesus and Sarara walk toward the exit of the Temple, thus clothed in white, their silhouettes and faces so pure, they are so beautiful that a murmur travels among those present on this twenty-first of June at the Temple.

Slow and relaxed, smiling and serious, Jesus and Sarara exit the Temple. The day that greets them strikes one o'clock at the revolving energetic quadrant that rhythms time here.

The meal takes place in the gardens under an arch of wisteria where a table has been prepared for the young married couple. They eat together while the priests, priestesses and guests of the esoteric circles visit the nearby buffet.

Jesus and Sarara return to their home behind the garden at four o'clock where a ritual of reflexive musical meditation awaits before leaving them some leisure time before the sacred dinner, that Melches and Sepha will attend, that precedes their first wedded night.

The day thus planned seems long, yet it is but an instant of eternity in the present like a wedding gift from the Most High to His beloved children He unites in this Temple.

This meal is a rare moment where, in silence, sophisticated gourmet dishes with carnal and sensual symbolism pass by.

After the meditative reflections of the afternoon, their intensive contemplation, the dinner is relaxing with the pleasure of the senses which, with sight, taste and smell are amply solicited. Laughter and humor are present at the dinner, Melches and Sepha are wise and friendly guests, and they do not refrain from pleasant joking. The atmosphere, although muffled, is friendly and very enjoyable.

Jesus and Sarara seem to be settling in the eternity from which their love comes and which carries them anew. They are more lovers than in love, and if their love had a face, it would be theirs, united by the one heart that was already beating at the same rhythm in them even before their encounter.

The dinner ends, Melches and Sepha take leave, Jesus and Sarara, finally alone, go to their wedding room decorated in purple, white and gold for this special night, under the sign of the divine, in its seventh quality of divine magic within matter, thus in

the flesh substance of the temple of the human being which is the body.

The purple marbled floor of the room of the young couple is covered with tall, thick candles in front of the entire wall facing the foot of the bed, while two torches of rose-colored flame frame the head of the bed, on both sides, approximately three meters away.

The ceiling has slid over, masking the sky, as here tonight, the interiority of God Himself expresses itself through the couple, the eye of God is present by the very act of union that will take place.

The luminosity in the room is quite exceptional when, on each side, Sarara and Jesus, both dressed in simple translucent tunics made of fine silky cotton, slowly stride toward each other. The flames envelop them with a rose luminescence that voluptuously and precisely outlines their respective forms, their eyes, lost in one another, capture together the violet-colored reflections dancing about the room.

Their eyes smile silently at each other, their motionless lips are already sealed with the secret that, by tomorrow morning, will have made of them the divine spouses of an unconscious humanity, which will find it difficult to follow this initiatory journey preceding and preparing their duty common to both and specific to each, in a service where Love is the apex of a difficult human passage, whose gilded premises

are lived, for six months already, and will be lived for four and a half years to come, in Atlantis, in the precious setting of a Temple protected and illuminated by the purifying purple Flame of an Intention of which this part of the divine Plan, yet unknown as of yesterday, opens, tonight, the way of unconditional Love of the human being, in its divinity, to all of humanity.

It is with this slow march bringing them together for the sacred, and their laughter that we leave the two spouses on this night of discovery and Love, like never before, perhaps, has anyone experienced, since, quite certainly, a ceaseless quest for sensation and sexual desire have distorted divinity and because of these perversions and physical and psychological frustrations, the lives of men and women will decline until the twenty-first century, because the message of a man named Jesus will not be expressed globally, and because his initiation was truncated by the crucifixion, which was only its outcome and not its finality.

Tonight Jesus loves Sarara.

Tonight Sarara loves Jesus and in the sacred alcove of this sublime ritual, carnal Love as they live it for the first time, together, is a path widened by and of consciousness toward this infinity with which eternity has fulfilled them to better gather them, in God, like His children whose Christ-flame of the open

heart will make, over the coming centuries His children blessed forever of which a Church, restrictive because of the minds of its leaders, will erase the seven years which, preparing the crucifixion, could also have avoided, if instead of dwelling on that which is inconceivable, one simply follows what one does not know.

Jesus is the only son of God and Sarara is His only daughter. Through both of them every man and woman of humanity is a son and a daughter of God, unique in Him and fully, as soon as they have opened their hearts to Love, he and she are capable of living unconditional beauty in total openness, integrity and constancy, in this world we are given to make better. Redemption is in our hands.

Tonight, Jesus and Sarara open a path whose Way of the Cross will end the earthly human journey.

Tonight a melody arises in the garden of the Temple, the inexpressible silence of God that presides over the physical union of this divine wedding of which Jesus and Sarara are the sacred children.

It is no small sacrifice,
Its beauty is miraculous,
Its longevity without end and
Blind humans will be even
More blinded, they who will never
Know that because they loved

One another, Jesus will live what no
Man before had thus
Lived.

Because a divine project has
Landed and been fulfilled in this
Sacred Temple of the purple Flame for
Love, through Love.

A message starts here, of which
Even Jesus, tonight, is not yet
Conscious.

Sarara, she, knows that crucified under the
Body of Jesus, she will open her arms, this
Night, to the span of a cross that will
Overtake, and by far, this nuptial
Room whose white and gold
Bed, like a spaceship, will
Reach for an eternity forever
Resuscitated.

They love each other with the whole sacred art to
which they have been separately initiated, in order to
the fulfill the sacred coupling together as man and
woman, spouses before God, should accomplish here
on earth, carnally, the divine heritage that is their
privilege and their duty.

Joyous duty where happiness and sorrow are exclud-
ed, duty of calm serenity where the sensual dimen-
sion opens to the sexes energetic horizons reviving
the Spirit and fulfilling it by the rising up of energy
coiled at the base of the sacrum, rushing to the top of

the head, to burst at the spiritual crown that each man, each woman carries the divine power to develop, to live, to give, to experience like kings, queens, in a daily life dedicated to the service of the divine Plan, on earth. Joyous duty, conjugal moreover, that this night unites Jesus to Sarara, forever.

The ritual of sacred Love, as practiced in Atlantis within the teaching and practical center of the Temple of the purple Flame is particularly enlivening and stimulating as well as relaxing, bringing serenity, tranquility and perfect mastery of body and mind.

Thus breakfast finds Sarara and Jesus fresh faced, eyes alert and calm, skin clear and silken after a purifying shower.

With a smile in their hearts and on their lips they devour a meal of fruit and curds. The freshly shelled almonds are delicious. Wearing the same morning a tunic, mauve and silver for Jesus, mauve and gold for Sarara, they are chattering cheerfully when one of Sarara's vestals announces the arrival of Melches and Sepha.

They rise to greet them and offer fresh juices that are partaken with joy.

– For a week, begins Melches, you will practice the sacred ritual of Love every night at ten o'clock. You will not leave the walls of the Temple and you will

limit your walks to its gardens. Your food will be light although substantial, the eighth day you will drink an elixir prepared at the Temple, its preparation is a secret, you will then lie side by side on a purple bed, you will be wearing a light gauze tunic, silver for you Jesus and gold for you Sarara. You will start meditating and will be instructed during such meditation about your individual programs for the year to come until the following twenty-first of June.

We will then meet in a special council in the white room of the Temple in closed session. We will be twelve.

The officiants of the Temple will then begin a forty-day fasting period after which we will meet together for a review. During the entire period we will not celebrate any rituals and Sarara will not teach either.

Is this clear?

Without waiting for an answer, Sepha continues:

– Every night and every morning you will both complete the ritual of the purifying shower and preparatory bath for the night.

Every evening in the upcoming week a bowl of fragrant oil, sacred and blessed, will be placed beside your bed for you to massage one another after hav-

ing dipped your hands in it, this will take place before the sacred ritual of carnal Love.

A period of meditation of an hour every day is scheduled before dinner. You will stay together at the oratory while in early morning, after the shower and before breakfast, fifteen minutes of meditative isolation in the gardens wherever you deem it appropriate is advised.

We will start all of this tomorrow morning and continue for eight days.

Melches and Sepha take leave after blessing Jesus and Sarara who accompany them to the door where a motor driven earthship awaits, a practical and fast moving vehicle that Atlantean technology is very proud of.

Jesus hugs Sarara, the entire day is theirs and for them it is recreation. They decide to go and visit the sea and perhaps to bathe.

Part Two

Two Years Later

Six months pass, then six more... from month to month, day to day, hour to hour, the precious seconds of an incarnation rejoin in eternity all the discordant notes that have drawn us away from it.

Flowers always renew themselves more radiantly and fragrantly in velvety flesh that nature skillfully learns to manifest from God. Their fragrances blend with those, more diffuse, we ascribe to the time of being until the blossoming of the rose of roses, that of the heart, opens under an invisible Central Sun the human being alone has the privilege of generating while receiving it, then for its long rays to stimulate in other places and other times the magic seeds of this divine rosebush from which other roses will blossom in turn, while from red to rose-color, and from yellow and white, integrating one by one the diaphanous colors of the noble divine qualities cycling them, recycling them to give rhythm to their journey, the roses opened and wilted, vibrating in the fall of those petals that tear our consent to non-grasping, these successive roses that forge an opening to the heart, becoming, under the impact of the highest energies, above and beyond our solar system, the eternal rose, the blue rose of an invisible Central

Sun whose original rays descend and ascend, traveling across space, from these multiple centers whose no less multiple peripheries are but an omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient center, whose position remains, while passing, the center of the first inaudible note the Word yet expresses but silently.

There, at the heart of hearts of the central heart that blossoms this eternal rose, blue in its immortal flesh, whose fragrance is perceived for the first time only well after this initiatory degree of the open heart called the Great Renunciation followed very quickly by the symbolic crucifixion where, arms on the cross, the transpierced heart tastes the eternity of loving in the almighty capitulation to the world represented by the complete and total abandonment to the powerful divine intention from which we were born to Love and that, at last, we unconditionally decide to serve here on earth or somewhere else, in the universal march of the divine law that springs from every situation, from every encounter, from every decision, in this incomparable exactitude represented by the Divine will of Intention expressing itself through Love in action.

The blossoming rose, blue of blues, is but the beginning of a possibility to meet, through an autonomous attention won on the initiatory journey, the attention of the Great Beings and the Ascended Masters, a team conscientious in varying degrees of which the Ashram of the Christ is a stable position and of

which Shamballa, consciousness, then Sirius are the two major centers linked by a luminous network of supra-terrestrial and extra-terrestrial consciences, it is a vibrant space whose coherent identity receives, transmits, gathers and distributes the messages destined for the precipitation of Christ consciousness, on earth or other planets whose more advanced evolution starts with the symbol of the blue rose and of which Venus is the perfect example.

At the time when Jesus, married to Sarara, lived in Atlantis, it was a country with a strong energetic precipitation, given the very high grade of esoteric teachings divulged to students coming from almost everywhere. The latter were directed in an occult manner to the Temple of the purple Flame as the divine project included them in the Plan. They would usually pass through Egypt first, where they would usually receive a theoretical preparation for initiation in one of the schools of mystery. Sometimes in Greece too, depending on the students and their missions, this country being the cradle of democracy was more directly concerned with political philosophies although initiates like Pythagoras later took over the concept of the esoteric school, which was different as at the time of Pythagoras regarding discipleship with a Master, hence it was a marginal and elitist circle, whereas in Atlantis, students were disciples of God directly and as such, did not follow any living Master.

Indeed, the divine project was to give autonomy of contact and thus to have direct relations with the highest energies and not to follow a so-called or real “guru,” as later became the case.

This change from being a student in God and in the divine science of energy, to being a disciple who follows a Master on earth occurred imperceptibly and brutally at the same time, indeed, after the well known story of Jesus and after the submersion of Atlantis, the initiates were far and few between because, quite simply, the teaching was oral once more, which limited the number of chosen ones.

The Atlantean method, in the Temple of the purple Flame, to start an esoteric school in order to spread the teaching of the High Spheres and bring it within reach of students, created abuses as the choice of students and their selection slowly became problematic and, as in every structure, certain human elements took too much without giving of themselves on the initiatory plane of the spiritual path, individual to all, thus slowly bringing distortions in the very midst of the people and the Atlantean society where those, taught but not initiated, misused these powers for personal gain, slowly bringing about the fall of Atlantis.

Originally, Atlantis was the country chosen by the Council of Sirius to be the matrix of an ageless wisdom for the service of the world. The evolution and

the journey of the Atlantean people were, in the divine Plan for humanity, a model and guardian of this purple Flame, sacred and divine in the heart of God, of which the Atlantean wise men carried the torch throughout the world to communicate the teaching then divulged and practiced at the Temple, teaching emanating from the Plan beyond the Intention, from Sirius.

That project failed, and Jesus, anointed by Christ the Master of Masters, started an individual and autonomous path through the initiatory levels of the spiritual journey, of which his life after his stay of two years in Egypt, and his stay of five years in Atlantis was a testimony to the world and for the following 2000 years.

Two thousand years ending in the year 2000 and from which, thanks to Him, the Ashram of Christ is born, making of the Hierarchy of the Masters of Wisdom, for the Occident, a gathering center of all paths and practices, throughout the world, by transcending them through this individual possibility of energetic transmutation granted in incarnation to the human being who finds him or herself responsible of their own journey and acts, with specific means available through the hierarchical Teaching whose Intention, born within the Great Lodge of Sirius, is accessible through the three phases of the hierarchical Teaching given since the end of the nineteenth

century, of which that of the initiate Blavatsky was the first.

This global panorama of the Teaching, in its projects, failures and causes, for a Plan destined for humanity, to communicate another understanding both of the Nazarene and of the continuity, Jesus was at the time the product and the initiator of the externalization to the world of individual Christ-consciousness.

Because it is only through the individual Christ-consciousness, autonomous in its contact with God and the energetic world of its qualities lived in their rays, that the embryo of the slightest group consciousness is possible.

Group consciousness by which we mean peoples, nations and also political parties, unions and other organizations of which humans unconsciously created egregors so strong that by the end of the twentieth century we witness their weakening and destruction. These egregors are in fact cozy nests for materialistic forces that build their own flaws within them.

This means that in every governmental project, anything that is concerned with assisting the individual, directly or indirectly, is a trap that dulls individual consciousness for the benefit of a group which, appropriating the power for itself and in place of the individual, relegates it to the masses and immediate-

ly takes on totalitarian airs of which one must be extremely wary.

All systems, whatever their state, are part of this as well as various groups or individual organizations. The divine message can only be perceived in fluidity, only through the latter can it express itself in the complete autonomy of individual consciousness on its Christ journey, as then it works for the common good and not for itself.

This message of Love, brotherhood and Christic autonomy gives the world through the testimony of his life and the symbol of the crucifixion of this divine life by the misunderstanding of the institutional systems of the times to which Jesus, studying at the Temple of the purple Flame, was preparing himself when he married Sarara.

This preparation would last seven years, from when he was twenty-six to thirty-three years old, a symbolic period for a new beginning and here, a complete aptitude was involved, global, divine through Christ, to precipitate this consciousness, as a pioneer, within the world. But it also involved, and this was completely ignored, already, questioning all institutional power whose petrified and crystallized consciousness, immediately become the means, the human tool to crush the divine inspiration, the Love, and lower the human being to the scale of the masses in a leveling out from the bottom that would be-

come, centuries later, the deceitful and destructive message of all so-called left-wing ideologies, that gave birth to the extreme right-wing ideologies, no less dangerous, that believed themselves to be the divine power itself, lowering it to non-initiated human beings, abusing lives and races by an almighty power.

Thus the racism of modern times was born from exclusion.

The more people are assisted, the more those who are not become excluded. Hence the necessity today to return to the real message of Jesus, that of a true Christ consciousness, autonomous and individual.

This message, after 2000 years and during this period, is now because it was then distorted. The initial project is so crucial at the end of any century that each person needs to face their own responsibility for Christ consciousness, to be acquired on the initiatory plane and to be lived on the physical plane. This is the true alchemical precipitation whose every crucible is a human being in his own right.

Thus Jesus learned, in Atlantis, through an initiatory journey within the couple in the polarities of the energies of his divine and human wife, Sarara, and his own as a messenger of the eternal, the divine law of the heart which makes one of the other and through him, her, a child of the Eternal because the child is

the very flesh and blood of the Father but also, and because God is concerned, His own Spirit, His own will, the knowledge of His own intention. People who know understand themselves as such, as well as what is known, reconciling in their interiority, on which the center of the heart depends, the conflict inherent to the physical and mental expressions that God projects of His own perfection in the manifested world, to sow this harmony whose flesh is the final echo of the Word in its densest sonorities.

Jesus, here, in Atlantis learns in his flesh, within the couple, to find the harmony of the creative Word of which he will become the very expression in his silences, words, acts, to the glory of an almighty God of which he will bear testimony of his appearance to the eyes of the world for centuries and centuries, so that it may be, in every one, in complete responsibility of this Christ consciousness, to live through the heart and precipitate in the right act and the right word within the world of political and human affairs.

Two years after their wedding, these sacred children Jesus and Sarara consciously continue this initiatory journey through the world of energies they learn to master as means of these divine qualities at their disposal.

It is true that Sarara was initiated through her function to the extreme divinity of the magic fire and has made an initiatory journey through the flames, subtle

and ascending expressions of the strongest descending purifying energies whose powerful impact, at the time of the rituals, forced in her direct paths in the energetic centers and in the network of lines of forces which, from the energetic to the physical body, made a Great Priestess of her, an undeniable landing strip of the highest divine qualities she receives, integrates and distributes, through the heart, in every operational ritual she participates in.

In their ritual of Love carnally expressed and lived, Jesus is thus in contact with a physical body generating the divine high power of intention whose energetic center whirls and communicates the pure qualities. Thus do they both live their union in God and in Christ manifested even in the temple of the physical body.

From this union Jesus learns to manipulate the techniques of energy that will make him an extraordinary man faced with the non-initiated norm for which he will sacrifice his flesh transcended alchemically on the cross, the supreme altar of the opened heart that he came to show the world so that each, by the divine cross of their own physical bodies, opened with their arms on the human cross the heart makes divine, would do the same. In this return from cross to cross that the non-initiated have forced on him through misunderstanding, is found the initiatory path that men and women of goodwill will aspire to and rediscover their own faith through his example.

The purity of the Love between Jesus and Sarara is so beautiful that in their ritual of the flesh, the extreme attention given by both to the energetic movements links them to these turning waves that the body of Sarara receives and masters, communicating to Jesus, through his operational centers, the fluid movements of the specific rays to which his stimulated centers reply and utilize.

As in any physical contact between two human beings, all the centers are in close contact and the slightest failure or impurity in the center of one of the partners immediately induces in the corresponding energetic center of the other its own weakness by energetic imprint.

Thus, Sarara, in constant purification through her very function of Great Priestess, is for Jesus an additional initiatory variable whose mastery brings to his own energetic structure the right potentials and openings his mission depends on.

To transmute all the energetic and conflicting human forces inherent in incarnation, it is indispensable to clear the centers by penetrating and whirling the purifying divine energies that preside in the initiation of the open heart, an art of which Sarara is a Great Priestess, that she masters perfectly and lives fully.

For Jesus, the integration of the inner woman to the complete opening of the heart in the crucial occult

meaning that it represents occurs with the help of Sarara, in the sacred and initiatory marriage their union represents.

The dawn of a new humanity was born a twenty-first of June in Atlantis when the decision of the council of Sirius was divulged by Melches during the initiatory marriage of the Great Priestess Sarara to Jesus of Nazarene in a divine project to precipitate Christ consciousness to the world, whose pioneer Jesus became through consent to the divine Intention presiding.

This physical and spiritual preparation occurred in an initiatory manner with Sarara, giving Jesus the necessary opening and fluidity of an energetic structure to receive the anointing of the Master of the Masters, Christ, in his very flesh to the transfiguration and to the transmutation of his own flesh thus redeemed and resuscitated.

This is what Jesus is preparing for with his beloved spouse Sarara, who are both conscious of the occult importance this preparation will assume in due time, at a date they do not know objectively because it will depend on the surroundings and the human consciences concerned by the impact.

Every initiatory period of energetic integration is a troubling process for the physical body that is inscribed in a moving mutation of its habits and struc-

tures, both genetically and organically, whose mechanisms suffer because they change.

Jesus experiences this transformation in a special way because Sarara knows it in her very body and thus not only can she help him but she can reassure him as he sometimes feels strange disturbances in his body and head, his sacrum or his arms, internal movements whose muted or acute pains cause him to worry.

Through this process he learns the complete trust submission brings of which his doubt experienced later on the Mount of Olives will be the subtle spiritual manifestation, a doubt he will master because of this period spent with Sarara during which he will learn to integrate the most physical and biological anxieties without which the Spirit in itself is never master.

Indeed, in difficulty trust is necessary and not the contrary. Thus this submission anchors in the divine, in complete divine will, through the abandoning of self that must go through the physical body, absolutely and imperatively.

In the extreme attention given to the source that is Sarara, Jesus realizes the means she represents for the perception and diffusion of the highest energies and thus learns to develop his own divine faculties

with which he will be able to work in complete mastery.

The experience is beautiful and given what awaits him, the divine project unfolds in complete harmony and this word, outdated for any initiate, which sounds hollow when discussing happiness in a human way, is a pleasant variable that the path of the scheduled incarnation carries for these several years when, if the initiatory journey is trying, it unfolds in the best possible conditions to live on earth with an ideal partner, already prepared because of her function, since childhood, and to whom any divine project as well as the mastery are so natural, that Jesus who has softly inscribed himself in his incarnation, at a quite specific period, is chosen and recognized, not unexpected and not non-awaited responding fully to the initiatory mastery of Sarara without disturbing its diffusing and creative order at all, but on the contrary, by stimulating it with the very importance of a Plan she knows well having submitted to it forever, to such an extent that for her it seems like a journey whose eternity is the unfolding and the infinity, the springboard so familiar, that their union is so close to them, so strong, that words always, again, are weak compared to what they live and experience of Love in its absolute divinity to incarnate down to the very cells of both of their physical bodies.

The esoteric science of energy is a fascinating journey to which their couple opens in complete submission. The flexibility and mobility of these two beings is such that constant questioning is the threshold always renewed of their spiritual embrace that no psychological or emotional link can break, in any way.

Thus the seasons pass, marked by the rituals Sarara officiates, in the renewing surprise of Jesus who, without officiating, participates energetically all the more in the rituals that occur afterwards, behind closed doors, in the consecration of their intimate alcove, through a ritual of flesh prolonging the powerful energies that the Temple and its ceremony have opened in Sarara.

Jesus, haloed with Love, experiences the physical impacts whose keys the Teaching has offered him. Ejaculation is not a goal, the movement of an energetic wave embracing and traversing all his centers to plunge again into it while becoming liberated in a supreme wave, mastered for his own divine potential, whose qualities thus employed open through the intermediary of the centers of the head, the sublime crown of divine anointing which links his being directly to the supreme Being, in full consciousness.

In every ritual of the flesh, Jesus and Sarara now reach the consciousness of the divine crown of the coronal center whose sensitive freshness opens for

both of them the upper spiritual planes of divine essence they carry and of which they are the vectors.

To love each other in God, humanly, is such a divine experience that words fail to express the globalism lived and felt in all the bodies of the energetic structure of the sacred spouses.

Thus, it is often and essentially through the silent union that occurs and is expressed like the fragrance of a flower, this union, this osmosis of all dimensions of Being on a silk bed, sparkling earthly terminal where the rose-colored fires of columnar flame bathe the conjugal bedroom that has become the temple on whose altar they open to one another for the Love of God in both, for the other, through him, her.

Divine alchemy, sublime offering, act of divine Intention of flesh glowing in its own energies illumined in the very act that transcends it, is surpassed by and assimilated to a continuously renewed dimension of itself on an infinite verticality that neither Jesus nor Sarara can consciously distort.

Two years have gone by like an initiatory dream lived concretely in daily life where the practice of the teaching is instantaneous and occurs naturally.

Jesus and Sarara, lovers and spouses, have never been in love because they loved immediately.

Jesus and Sarara, in their ritual bodies, are, within the couple, a permanent incantation whose vibratory flux nature welcomes like waves sourced anew to the most subtle, identifying the fragrances it emanates that Jesus and Sarara feel at the very moment they are occupied elsewhere.

The magnetic force of their respective energetic fields is so radiant and vast that numerous effects are proof of the primal cause of a Love lived humanly under the energetic variables of the science of the year 2000, already.

Two years have gone by and it is only the beginning!

Three Years Later...

Atlantean technology having tamed the cold weather of winter, like all other atmospheric nuisances, Sarara and Jesus live in their marble house as though it was summer throughout the year. The sacred flames are kept alive in the same fashion and the timeless ambiance thus provided for all the rooms spills over into the garden where flowers, not normally in season, can be admired. The air is always pleasant, whatever the strength of the sun, whatever its intensity, its heat.

This is wonderful, says Jesus to himself, after three years within the walls of the Temple of the purple Flame.

The enchanting winter, like the other seasons, unfurls its specific luminosity over the neighboring landscapes and the village. Today, Jesus has a meeting with a visiting teacher, introduced by Melches. This wise man from Essene is highly renowned among the schools of mystery and the temples. His fame having preceded him here, all are awaiting his arrival with impatience and after the work sessions with the officials of the Temple, a welcome ritual officiated by Sarara is planned, as well as a reception

and fabulous dinner. Jesus has reserved this morning for the meeting.

The rose-colored early morning sky is still extremely pale when Jesus places a soft kiss on the forehead of his wife Sarara who answers with a sigh while turning. It is still very early, but the meeting has to start with a meditation followed by an invocation and the meeting was scheduled for five o'clock this light morning filled with the absent odors of a winter tamed with the Atlantean environmental techniques, called here energetic techniques of empathy.

The two men meet at the village inn where the Esene wanted to stay to be able to mix with the Atlantean people and not, in his own words: "have a distorted view of the country through the protected walls of the famous Temple of the purple Flame."

Jesus walks to the inn located only two kilometers away, and the crisp air at this hour combined with the sunrise, still timid in its rose-ochre hue, fills his eyes with the thousand and one gifts each day brings.

Jesus walks alertly though calmly and his long silhouette, slim and elegant, is outlined over a limpid landscape devoid of any human presence at this hour.

Walking is favorable to reflection but also to a certain inner emptiness that is conducive to being attentive to the unknown and unexpected.

In the glimmer of a few houses here and there seen well before the village, Jesus perceives a number of graces, from esthetics to harmony. A dog barks and immediately wags its tail in a sign of vibratory recognition as soon as Jesus, from afar, looks at him.

The air, warmer as the hour advances, plays with Jesus' long hair as with infinite strings of a harp with silent tones, and astonished sounds that softly whistle with joy while entwining themselves in the exhilarating aura of a redeemed son of God.

Jesus lets his thoughts wander. His mind is as smooth as the sky from which he receives, without hesitation or intention, the latent emissions of a day whose early hours are already tuned to a portal whose firm center is the heart.

The village awakens slowly, a few energetic and mechanical mini-vehicles glide here and there over the long and wide alleys separating houses of various sizes from the roadside vegetation on which Jesus walks with a buoyant gait.

Hands rise, waving hello. Jesus is comforted by the Atlantean custom, as all men and women are brothers in humanity. This unmediated recognition allows

every inhabitant of Atlantis to greet anyone else. The custom comes from a strong awareness of the importance of salutations. Faces seem relaxed after a refreshing night, and in the early morning Jesus of Nazarene once again reminisces about his father Joseph and the carpentry workshop with its odors he would smell while still in bed, as a child, the smell of fresh wood in the early morning when his father would slowly open the doors to his shop, before he and his mother Mary would wake up together. But, Jesus thinks to himself, I will have to tell them that every morning when the wood smell, somewhat bitter so strong, woke me up before Mary would come in my room with the bowl of milk he always had a lot of difficulty drinking.

He would have much preferred the aromatic herbs whose wonderful leaves his mother would infuse in a beverage that he used to drink from time to time.

This breath of childhood makes Jesus smile as if it was someone other than him, in another life!

The inn is small and quite attractive with its delicate green walls, and Jesus looks at all this with the eyes of a painter one additional touch of light would have created spontaneously under the quiet joy of a brief feeling in the heart, that nothing motivates more than the simplicity of authentic light.

The inn awakens too, a young woman of great beauty with brown hair with green eyes smiles, watching him as he crosses the threshold of the entrance. Her eyes greet him gaily in the radiant morning sun playing with the cold ochre rays in the sky.

– Do you want a room this early? Or would a bed suffice? Asks the young innkeeper with a smile... Then she adds, you don't look like a weary traveler. Are you hungry? You don't look very hungry either.

The tone in her voice is calm after the first laugh and she adds, softly:

– My name is Celta, you can call me Celta.

Jesus plunges into the watery green of her eyes, stunned by such simplicity and beauty. She has the sparkling charm of a mermaid out of water and he wonders what she does here, lost amidst humans... He has not answered, Celta now looks at him in the eyes and smiles with an almost incongruous gravity.

On both sides of the small counter separating them, the two plunge into a sudden weightless silence, between earth and sky, like a countdown to an accelerated spatial flight.

For how long? No one neither knows nor cares. Suddenly a beautifully sweet resonant voice brings back the illusion of being two, a man and a woman

separated by a carnal difference, so present... that brutally brings them back to this inn somewhere on the planet for a first encounter so mundane and yet so extraordinary.

– Good morning Jesus and welcome to my temporary domain. Good morning Celta, could you bring us breakfast with curds, fruit and... whatever you have that is good and filling, as usual?

Celta is the first to find human body and voice:

– But of course brother Farim, please be seated, I am coming.

Jesus watches her walk away, she is wearing a very short toga that fully shows her long legs, perfectly proportioned for her medium height. Clothed in green, and attached to a wide belt that emphasizes her very thin waist, are two small purses so that when she walks a jingle of change follows her. And Jesus, after seeing this charming spectacle, turns toward Farim to say:

– I am under a spell!

Farim is stocky and blond with blue eyes, and looks more like a practical joker than a wise man and more like a farmer than like an occultist. He greets Jesus with joy and camaraderie; his voice, soft earlier, now

takes on its true resonance, strong, guttural, round and truly joyous.

Farim leads Jesus to a thick and round stone table, where they sit down on chairs of the same material onto which soft green pillows have been added. Nearby a window over a garden with a strange pyramid of greenery in the middle is an enormous tree whose name and shape Jesus has never seen.

Farim places his hands on the table, palms down, feeling the material that is both smooth and grainy.

– How are you doing? And how is your sublime wife?

– Oh! We're doing well, replies Jesus while smiling, rather well.

– What about your journey? Have you learned a lot here?

– Quite a lot already and yet, every day, I have the strange feeling that it is only a beginning... without an end... ever.

– True, agrees Farim.

A silence... birds sing and then squabble...before going back to their quiet chirping.

– I’ve been sent here to find out where you are in your journey. Our community of wise men, my Essene Brothers, was wondering about your stay in Atlantis and its implications. Your work, here on earth, has not really begun, the preparation takes time...

– As abrupt will be the end.

Jesus has spoken serenely. He looks at Farim straight in the eyes to add:

– I don’t know, as do you, we don’t know how and when, or what, it will be exactly, after this important initiatory preparation, I know I have a mission of Love and brotherhood, of tolerance for humanity. An unbelievable force is within me, I live it every day a little more. God is so present sometimes that I feel I only exist through Him, even in my carnal relations with Sarara.

I know that time has come, it may be a matter of days, I don’t know, but I will have to leave again and go on a divine mission of incarnation, probably in my country again.

This I know—I am ready and nothing and no one keeps me here anymore.

After a moment of silence:

– Sarara also knows, from the time of our first encounter, she knows, I’m convinced. We have never

talked about it, we just live in the present moment with the goal of this human and divine initiatory mission, but I know she knows and has known... for far longer than I've known myself.

A long moment of silence follows during which Celta brings breakfast with hot bread, she comes and goes, silent and light, her eyes do not seek those of Jesus, she is serious and solitary in her coming and going, precise in her movements, her gracious body is well formed and shapely and Jesus, who does not take his eyes off her is puzzled by her beauty. His wife Sarara is so different!

But he finds her beautiful and suddenly, a strong thought strikes him, his surprise is all the more sharp in its echo within him. He finds her attractive. Jesus is so dumbfounded he remains still and silent for a long time. Farim converses with Celta about the fruit, she leaves then returns, leaves again...

Jesus is under a spell! He really did not believe it a moment ago! He does not really know anymore if it is Celta or merely his own mind. What is certain is that somewhere within him an unknown feeling is awakened. Celta attracts him.

This is an issue that has never been never raised during the past three years here, since his wedding with Sarara.

Moreover, he was so convinced that he had solved all of this, or rather, simply the opportunity, the woman, the temptation of this had never occurred?

Jesus does not know, he simply experiences something he cannot deny and does not know how to handle in a positive, efficient manner. Jesus discovers different in himself and this is no small disappointment, as his state of mind does not elude Farim who remains silent, and surprisingly, Jesus is irritated by this.

An ambiguous feeling makes Jesus feel uncomfortable.

– What should I do? He asks himself.

– Nothing replies Farim.

At which Jesus bursts into laughter, he has heard of Farim's occult powers that have made him famous but now, Jesus is both astonished and amused because the situation is so mundane!

– Oh! But it is far from mundane, answers Farim. Quite far from it. You see Jesus, you're in such a common interior dilemma that it's very important. You find yourself confronted with your negative pole, like a reversed image that doesn't correspond to what you see. So of course it's strange, surprising and bewildering. It's an unexplored part of you that

is triggered by a glance, a pair of legs, very charming of course, but why here today? Why Celta?

– Why? Asks Jesus, more to himself than to Farim.

– Because it has nothing to do with Celta or with this place, this is only a moment in your evolution and this concerns your own sensitivity and your own habits at an energetic level, to a particular stimulation that Celta, or someone else, is capable of triggering from her own energy linked to yours through one of your vibratory centers, magnetized because it is different. What I am saying is that the eyes are not the only thing involved when discovering someone. It is not the shape but the vibration emitted by the waves of the forms of a body, a face, a look, a mind too.

What has just been touched in you by Celta is a vibratory pole unknown to you that enters in contact with your sacred center that has a different vibration than that of Celta. Sarara and you are probably very much in harmony at this level, as her center of sexual energy is very pure. From her no ambiguity can arise you and inversely. But if you have just been touched to this extent of attraction, it means that your sacred center still has not reached the androgynous harmony that makes it autonomous.

Jesus listens to Farim very attentively. More in the initiatory energy perceptible by its advanced degree

of evolution than by the words themselves, he understands in his body what Farim evokes.

It is clear that Sarara has done such work on herself, she is so purified, so pure in her subtle vehicles and in her energetic centers that at this level it is constant harmony. It is clear that their relation is not based on attraction but on the divine in everything, the carnal rituals are the only sexual experience he has ever had. It is a fulfilling experience in many respects and no question regarding his life in the Temple so close to novices and other women who also live with a constant, routine discipline of extreme self-purification was ever asked.

All of this is clear, what is less clear is why am I so sensitive to Celta? Am I not master of all of this? He asks again silently. To which Farim answers:

– You mistake control and mastery. One can eventually control this type of attractive impulse, but it would only be frustration. Mastery, when attained on the inner initiatory level makes any type of control obsolete. Indeed, once the lower energetic centers at the base or root of the spine, the sacred and sexual center, and the solar plexus, are completely transferred to the upper centers, starting with the heart, the former is empty to the opening of the latter and thus, with the rising energy, no stimulation has hold on them.

When mastery through the opening of the heart is attained, there is a lack of control as emptiness greets this type of energy and transmutes it through the centers that make the disturbing energy rise while digesting it, transforming it through light, in light with the opening of the heart. Control is only present when mastery is absent. Mastery frees from control.

– For the first time, it is unbelievable, I control or I discover what control is.

– It is a good thing as you will then truly understand the initiatory work through your individual experience without which nothing can be really acquired.

Jesus then looks at Farim.

– This means that I still have many things to learn and do about myself?!

– You have already learned much, you have already done much, you now need to live the Divine with complete abandonment. It is an empirical and solitary journey that does not happen by talking about it or analyzing it but by living it, so that the experience integrated by the energies is acquired and not doubted. Neither Sarara nor your mother Mary, no one in the world but God will join you on this path that is for your inner source to liberate, it is through realizations like those this morning that one goes forth, and

it is a more and more subtle thread that consciousness weaves toward God, toward the Presence in you, what, for others remains an illusion. It does not matter.

– I see, I know, I do not know yet how to live the realization of this morning. But I understand and thank you for having been there.

– No one can say how to live it, you are 29 years old, several paths open here through experience. Which one will you choose? I cannot help you on this intimate level that is yours alone. What is certain is that whatever path is chosen, you will learn and resolve what you have to resolve if and only if you follow your own movement. Apply rigor to yourself and every mirror encountered will only show you a reflection of yourself, even if you bring something else in this field of vision, you compound the problem by adding the impossible.

You are alone faced with a realization and it can only be resolved within yourself, in God almighty.

While listening to Farim Jesus is transported three years into the past, why, he does not know, but he sees Sarara again, walking haughtily, sultana and beautiful, in the Temple of the purple Flame where for the first time he was present at a ritual. Her eyes had struck him then, this strange gaze she would turn elsewhere, in the unreachable or the invisibly

present, this gaze outlined with kohl, deep and absent at the same time, like a living statue whose essential purpose was well beyond the walls of the Temple, in the dancing fires of a purple Flame, in the sacred bowl and in the sky, in this slow walk down the central alley, surrounded by the faithful, Sarara, his wife, sultana, woman, beautiful beyond simple human criteria, of a vast beauty, both tender and so strong that sometimes tears would come to his eyes and would tighten his throat when he would hold her, one, in his arms. Their embrace was always doubled with fire.

Sarara looked like this purple Flame, intense, free, dancing, full of vigor and dazzle, flexible at the same time, impossible to define by the body as well as by this fascinating beauty of a disciplined spirit to such an extent that only light was in her and governed her slightest expressions.

A Great Priestess so suddenly accessible in her lived Divinity, so humbly human in the rituals of the flesh uniting them, so hieratically distant in these other rituals within the Temple where she became but a holy wave of divine origin to share with all.

Jesus is entirely in Sarara, sultana and beautiful, so much a woman, absolutely divine, completely, globally, fantastically kind and so powerful at the same time that he is moved and that he finally raises slightly too brilliant eyes toward Farim.

Farim smiles,

– It is a unique opportunity scheduled in the divine Plan that you still live with Sarara. She is all of this and probably more still. She is life, the master, the mistress, the lover and the wife but she is woman and virile, woman and sultana it is true, a free woman because she submitted to God through her flesh, her blood and her spirit. She is your way to the heart.

She is your trial by fire and you will burn in it to your final ash, like this morning you see. Because, in transmuting she will know and in knowing she will be the impulse of your own transformation.

She is the crucible, the fire, the purifying flame, even your own ashes will surrender because she is also the ardent breath that will disperse the powders of spilled blood after having consumed and transformed them in her own chalice.

It will only be later on, alone with the Father, lost in God and still searching for him that you will realize, in the midst of hundred-year old trees, to what extent Sarara will have determined your own initiation on this path of incarnation where one must assimilate the light, and at what price, forever.

As it is only lost in light and turning one's back to it that it will finally glow in you.

– I am not there yet, replies Jesus.

Celta comes closer to clean the table and Farim asks for more bread and honey. Jesus, watching her, travels for a moment in the liquid green of her eyes he feels, immediately, a pinch in his heart, physically, an urge in the stomach, uncontrollable, and an inner panic whose strength only equals the resulting laughter of Farim.

– The most important thing is not to dramatize, all of this is only human in the end and thus very normal, it is deeply divine but anchored so much in matter that it is frightening. Relax and let go, don't grasp, all of this is of no importance.

Jesus decides to do exactly what Farim says.

The sun is already high in the sky when they leave together for the Temple and, with resolve and happiness, he leaves Celta whose green eyes unconsciously provoke him:

– Good bye and see you soon, she seems to say in a manner so firm and kind, so sure and clear, that he is still bewildered.

Farim pushes Jesus outside with a slap on the back, fearing he would stop one more time beside the small counter that thankfully hides the legs and thighs of voluptuous Celta.

When they reach the house Sarara is leaning over her desk, a wide table of white marble, writing.

Dressed all in white, she stands up to greet them. Her long skirt is slightly transparent and her silhouette so beautiful and esthetically perfect that the pleasure of her eyes is but a deep respect before a divine masterpiece so well done.

Her beauty is almost inhuman or void of humanity, Jesus thinks to himself, so much does his wife seem absolutely beautiful to him. Farim bows to Sarara who shakes both his hands warmly.

Sarara has just worked over the numbers, she is late for a meeting to set up a ritual entrance behind the Temple and she rushes away after giving a tender kiss to Jesus whose lips shiver in contact with hers. She disappears in the flight of her white veils, feet naked on the marble, almost running, followed by a novice who finds it difficult to keep up with her pace...

Jesus and Farim burst out in laughter so fast is her departure, like an arrow, and having left the room she seems even more present, amazingly enough!

Sarara returns, through the wide open door, and announces:

– Act as though I were here or not, it makes no difference!... she says while picking up a delicate white scarf that had fallen from her shoulders.

She disappears again...

Jesus smiles, as Farim, before walking outside to the immaculate terrace where a cream white sofa slowly heats in the resplendent winter morning. A set of outdoor marble chairs with pillows and table awaits them. Farim sits down comfortably; Jesus chooses the table corner and sits down, right leg straight, foot on the ground, left leg dangling under the table.

A young man in his service comes to take their orders and returns with fresh fruit juice. The two men remain silent for a few moments that seem very short for Jesus who is surprised by the voice of Melches, who enters unexpectedly.

– Brother Farim, I learned of your presence through Sarara and have come to welcome you. Do you intend to stay a little longer than planned or not, after all?

– I think I will stay a month longer than originally planned, says Farim, rising to greet the old wise man, his friend. Melches embraces Farim.

Jesus is happily surprised by the news and Melches starts making plans.

– Would you like to preside at a communication meeting in the inner Temple, I mean in the inner college of the Temple? It might be a good idea for you to be present. My brother Farim, we would be honored by your presence and fulfilled by your wisdom.

– Will you give us this honor?

Farim accepts with a look and the three men remain silent while the fruit juice is served.

Jesus then asks Farim to come and live in the house where two rooms can be arranged for him without any inconvenience, but Farim declines, without explanation, thanking him warmly.

There are always, in the story of a story, disturbing and incomprehensible details that fill the present, making it sometimes disquieting or simply incomprehensible, that the future reveals in its abrupt or stagnant unfolding, a clarity so obvious that posterity lavishes over them in surprised happiness, where the conflicting flaws appear as magnifying glasses bring out hidden intentions whose slightest meanders become luminous, on the background of time sealed by destiny.

From subjective to objective,
From reality to its shadows the
Light outlines unless
Suffering from it over hesitations or
Impossible choices the storytellers
Bring out or embellish
Due to or for lack of distance.

Characters benefit from it, unless
They become rooted and when suddenly
History written for years,
Centuries sometimes, inscribes moments
Of eternity raised by invisible
Witnesses who know because they have

Lived, the habits of collective
Memory so anchored in the non-existent
Memory, through the deep roots of
Popular beliefs whose
Deformations fuse their distortions in
These blind beliefs, fed by
Some while others remain silent or
Retain the essential points without
Which we, humanity, write of ourselves
But a gloss, or even a
Compilation of these acts so futile or so
Incongruous that, from History to its
history, the mirror we are
Offered is but an uneven
Surface of a rough or polished
Weave reflecting of us what
We would like to forget because
We only want to communicate or divulge
What flatters us,
Irrational, the blackest black, for
The surprise or notable effect of
These things in life whose apparent
Banality is sometimes the only
Initiatory source, in the limpidness that
The collective heritage of a
Moment, submerged by
Centuries of incomprehension, brings back
To the dawn of a new age
Revelations, believed, of a moment
Whose secrets, occulted or brazenly
Banished by imagination, fear,

Inability, blindness, or more simply
Ignorance, whose keys,
the proof of which these circumstances
Whose common and banal future
Causes the traps of these hearts,
Mediocre, to raise their defenses to
Avoid, the difficulties of an evolution,
That are freed of it in regenerating
Man, woman in their most
Human ascents or descents.

Wherever one is, whoever one is, if
Innovation has marked the life of a
Pioneer, then some Cartesian
Reason will be found, some Tarpean
Cowardice, will increase or
Decrease the troublesome contours of a
Life whose example, to remember,
Questions humanity or makes it
Divine, it is often, at once, the
Reason and cause of these lies
History leaves in the bottom of
The drawers of a memory that
Opens its archives ever so slowly
To establish, once and for all, the
Silly rules that it uses to
Forge its most incredulous stories.

Add to this some dubious
Interest of appropriation or
Faith making honorable virtue of

Real or added facts, unless they be
Severed, and the true
Roots without which an incarnation
Cannot really stand straight are
Then cut-off forever, giving but
Fruit or leaves from the tree of
Life, beautiful and attractive,
But whose taste and aroma
Have little in common with
The life of the seasons that have
Contributed to prepare and perfect
The singular initiatory originality,
To whose maturation
Each fruit, each flower,
Each drop of water and ray of
Sunshine, each tornado and each
Event has contributed.

Of these stages whose stairs
Vanish, and only remains, afterward,
But an aseptic ersatz whose
Elements, lost on the way, give
But false ideas whose thoughts
Applied by whomever can be but
More influenced by these
Missing sources to which one
Will drink differently
As, unknown to the unfaithful
Multitude of memories, one cannot
Make of them causes and
Examples but longings for these

Flaws that precipitate us into
Humanity to what we sometimes
Unconsciously and most precious
Have to reach the Divine.

Every child, son, daughter of God, is
A bundle of light in contact with which
Are formed the shadows of its
Most beautiful victories.
These shadows are the evils, breaches
Necessary to these steps we
Decide, to these choices we
Do not make, to these unconscious and
Repetitious non-acts that a human journey, to
Become divine, can not conceive but must
Traverse autonomously to acquire
Who cuts one's future teeth of a
Freedom whose wings, then, will
Not burn in the sun which Icarus
Made an assassin by his own carelessness.

There are steps to take and among those
One avoids are hidden the most decisive,
Those of which everything is to be feared,
Those through which everything can be gained, and
Then the others, these futile steps or seemingly such,
over these difficult paths with tenacious brambles
whose thorns tear the most muscular flesh because
they are inapt to model the sensitivity and the opening
of the heart, if one does not take the time to ascertain
the steps before getting lost, haphazardly.

The story of a story is both a strange and certain way to enter with new eyes the privacy of our hearts to satisfy, understand, detect what, in others, is left for us to solve within ourselves, especially as, from the individual to the nation, from the people to the world, from the planet to the universe, everything is involved, we are the children of the children of the children of this God who, sowing in us his divinity, awaits from the harvests no reward as they benefit but us, only if we decide the ground work. Means and materials are specific to each and on this road history writes of humanity, let us be attentive to what each is able, not write but to live.

The story of a story is the supportive and nourishing wave whose tide, often invisible from the coast, outlines over the horizon the broken lines that time levels, drawing with an imperceptible stroke the sky from the sea or the landscape of its crest.

For mountains and suns thus lost, centuries of progress are lost to centuries of waste, despoiling the generosity of an already tarnished world always in search of its true Being.

Slow melodies or swift waltzes, winter has its suns, spring its thaw, summer its cool breezes and autumn its flamboyant ochre of which each life is a summit of abandon or a precipice from which a free fall may be negotiable, unless one breaks the neck of a head

linked to the heart.

Surprises and joys are part of the story of a life writing its story.

To those who tell, to
Those who recount, to
Those who gossip, to
Those who think and decide, to
Those who ignore, break or
Mistreat, to those, as with
Us, it is good, undoubtedly, to
Offer a hand, to open the heart and
To show by leading them, the
Incredible details, apparently
Disturbing or insignificant that,
Rightly, make a difference.
They are ageless, timeless,
Unclassable because familiar to
All, they are the insides of those outsides
We apply ourselves to mask or to
Embellish, unless we
Erase completely, or at least we think,
The impossible evidence or the disturbing
Repercussions.

To these details we are held,
On these details we depend,
In these details we recognize ourselves,
For these details we break our oaths.
With these details we compose,
Out of these details we rush

Because to hide them we dive
Further down and farther, as it is true
That with each attempt to surpass them
We get mired down, because in hiding one
Can never erase or forget.

Do not be mistaken, there are no
Details, everything has its importance and
Whatever happens, to listen to the message
Is an important part of these
Paths where History is lived without
Thinking of writing the temporary
Importance, these determining details,
Whose incarnations are paved.

The story of Jesus, like that of every
Man, was paved with these details
To which the body of the future Church did
Not give any importance, thus
Deliberately occulting an entire episode of
Preparation and initiation without
Which his destiny has no hold on
The global history of humanity.
Thus it is important to
Inscribe the details of a man's life to
Their true and just place in this
Unparalleled initiatory journey of
One of the pioneers of Love, responsible
For the Christ light with which
He underlined our common heritage
In a masterly way.

Because the Golden Age is within the reach of a
Humanity that races toward it without yet
Really knowing.
Because Jesus is a pioneer of this
Golden Age and it has taken us 2000
Years to digest his message,
Because the initiatory panorama was
Truncated of its necessary
Preparation...

For all of this, in the name of this
Christ consciousness to precipitate more than
Ever, we travel today
On the tracks of the Nazarene, this blessed
Son incarnated in Jesus, Christ
Anointed with light through and beyond the
Great central spiritual sun.
For you, for everyone, for all,
In complete brotherhood and in complete
Kindness, this initiatory journey in
Atlantis, continent lost by its own
Excesses, whose inhabitants created the
Grave of an exemplary wisdom
That knowledge could not save,
Because knowledge was not
Completely spiritualized.

Because, because... and
Why not? Or
Why not otherwise? ...

We continue our journey in
The life of a story.

In the light dawns that hem our days, in the lace of these cloudy skies lined with rose and orange tones, our eyes wander while searching, within ourselves, for these tatters that before falling and disappearing, sail in total weightlessness over the hazy indiscernible spaces, that, incapable of outlining, we irrigate with our most assiduous thoughts.

Jesus, when he does not study, goes on walks, or more simply, daydreams on the terrace of the conjugal bedroom or living room. Souci, the cat who just adopted him a month ago, is a charming creature, with long white fur, a tiny loving nose and whimsical eyes from the imperceptibly twinkling line crossing its face horizontally to the large slanted orange gaze... a miracle, says Jesus while stroking Souci with a firm hand. The cat half opens one eye before stretching and immediately falls asleep on the marble table that he has chosen as home this late morning, covered and cozily warmed by the energetic canopy.

Alone, Jesus sits in facing the garden whose large trees seem to wave to him. He is in awe, as usual, of this luxuriant nature whose apparent disorder,

learned, unveils a natural order so magnificent that he never tires of contemplating the shapes and colors.

A magnificent oak tree rustles its soft aquamarine leaves, its upper branches motionless, and Jesus plunges through it into the disturbing green eyes of Celta whom he has seen several more times since the infamous day of his first encounter with Farim.

The latter was still staying at the inn, Jesus has gone to visit again but was it a pretext or did he have a good reason, he wonders? Neither, he says to himself, I wanted to go to see her again, and have never hidden this, neither to Farim nor to Sarara or to myself.

This is clear.

This couldn't be clearer.

And yet, this clarity does not solve anything, not yet at least.

This is starting to be irritating!

Pensive, Jesus, who, early this morning, attended a class on comparative religion, without satisfaction, attempts a diversion this way, without success. The green eyes of Celta move in his eyes, from the leaf of an oak tree to the eyes of Souci—that have the

same shape—passing by the sky, where clouds also morph into the same shape.

Jesus does not really feel well like he did over the past few years, Sarara, as always, still officiates, teaches, and Jesus wonders whether, this doesn't help her after all. She is neither troubled nor worried. Happy and smiling, his wife, sultana and beautiful, continues to evolve without any apparent problems, so it seems, he says bitterly, immediately regretting this useless bitterness.

Souci rises to jump gracefully down to the ground before rubbing himself voluptuously against the legs of Jesus who bends over and takes him in his arms.

Souci gently purrs in Jesus' arms, with two front paws over his throat, head tilted slightly backwards, eyes half-closed with pleasure, his powerful purr and kneading paws and retracted claws.

Jesus buries his face in Souci's white fur, up to his eyes, he is pensive in the extreme solitude of the moment, Souci is a serene companion, fulfilled and so happy that is a pleasure to pet him or carry him as he does now, a purring, soft ball of fur, like a gift from the sky for his benefit.

Life goes on, as before, after the wedding and in the months that follow, days go by, so simply and quietly that today and since his encounter with Celta, fif-

teen days have passed. Jesus does not integrate well these two poles of his life that nothing could have predicted and that everything separates.

Melches keeps his distance and, as Jesus can hide nothing from him, he has lengthened the time between each visit. In his extreme wisdom Melches could very well have guessed that Jesus was in a difficult moment, so he leaves him alone, to resolve his problems himself, to keep quiet or to confide.

But Jesus does not feel like talking. Only Sarara, without saying anything, knows and lives this conjugal solitude that the bed does not fulfill and that ritual has deserted, for lack of officials.

But Sarara is busy and her responsibilities as Great Priestess are of such a high level that she cannot be involved mentally or analytically in such petty incidents in her life like that of the disturbing encounter between her sacred husband and Celta, leaving Jesus to solve this problem, his own, in full consciousness and tranquility.

For Jesus, having been surprised, then perplexed, he must now make a choice, not whether to doubt everything, but a personal choice about a situation he would like to live fully.

Sarara has withdrawn from the problem entirely and he is faced with himself again as whenever Celta's

green eyes appear unexpectedly, whenever he sees her again as he visits Farim.

Little by little the walk to the inn has become a daily affair, Jesus is not angry with himself. He continues with these rendezvous, so platonic they seem outdated to him, is that really the right word? He wonders, placing Souci on the table. The cat casts him an enigmatic gaze before jumping down to the floor, in a show of independence and disapproval.

In his office, Jesus, after brief meditation, opens a long parchment with numerous sheets; pearly white and haloed with light strokes of fine, almost invisible gold, with a beautiful moiré pattern, the white pages invite him in their depth like a milky sky hemmed with clouds and fine slashes on a smooth surface like the skin of a shiny fruit.

Jesus touches the upper page, his fingers caress the paper edges then circle the gilded volutes in same manner as he would caress Souci, gently and firmly. Sarara's skin spontaneously enters his mind when, suddenly, the moiré transports him to the outline of Celta's eyes that superimposed on the pattern. Jesus shakes off this vision and, taking a pen with purple ink, writes the first words of a letter, and, as though sketching a verbal landscape with mute sounds, the words flow one after another quietly, softly, in the folly of the sentences born, in the ecstasy of a magical release from which he would create, line by line,

the vagabond imaginings of a disciplined mind with the precise movements of an uncontrolled carousel turning him around, carrying him against his will, he turns in a coherent madness, to the springing spirals of an unknown inner echo that surprises and seduces him. Plunging into his words, he slowly detaches himself, under the searching volutes of the empty page that receives its essence, releasing from the purple ink a delicious and intoxicating fragrance of wisteria.

Jesus writes, according to habit, while retaining his breath, seeking a little bit of air as he finds inspiration like a well of miracles that he has learned to recognize and to which he remains faithful, co-creator of a parallel world that calmly reproduces a joyous serenity whose preceding minute masks the following.

Jesus writes to Celta, or rather to the sweet drunkenness of a moment of abandon that, left to himself, he manages as he wills the powerful energies whose fluidity he can feel in his back, along his spinal column.

Like unstable movements over his head, the petals of his coronal center, weighed by the emotional thoughts that flow onto the white page, crush his pensive brow with their fluid lightness.

Jesus writes to Celta, he has forgotten his theories and principles, he has swept away silences with a stroke of his pen and embellished with purple his inner flame whose most subtle vibrations speak to him about Celta, evoking her long thighs under her short skirt, and her slim waist beneath her fleshy breasts.

Jesus writes and lets himself go with the words, feeling in his carnal heart an irregular pulse that his impatience awaits, in this clandestine hour when the dice are thrown, Jesus, over the crumbling walls of his last mental bastions, writes a letter of passion to Celta, whose tongues of flame jump and fall on the shattered mirror of these deceitful tomorrows that desire cannot imagine, and which we learn to dispose of when, fallen on the threshold of their illusion, one must raise the gauntlet of our darkest moments by transmuting them into the fragmented light of our most unspeakable survivals.

For Jesus, to give his imagination this unsolicited freedom, in this moment, to free his conscience from the unattached bonds that join to himself, authorize Gordian knots without the courage to sever the bases from which he withdraws himself, without yet having entered them completely.

Jesus writes and the words affirm his numerous and confused feelings, in spite of himself, in the mauve light of his lonely thoughts whose daily contemplation haloes his marriage with qualities so strong that

it seems, to him, improbable, even impossible to be only a spouse, when in God he has recognized himself in Sarara the same Father.

To relieve himself of his maddening inner adventure, Jesus writes and detaches himself, at the same time, from these excellent yet annoying surprises, that open toward others extreme windows whose dawns, almost crystallized, cover the warm tones that the setting sun unfurls in its rays to the sensitive intentions that escape, tracing their flight over the horizon.

Jesus writes to Celta a fiery letter whose words cascade and sentences roll in these deaf absences nourished by the unknown, when it fills again with these moments of robust emptiness that the eyes in the eyes imagine in silence, while the mind, without recourse to the body, flies even higher toward summits with vertiginous slopes that, once climbed are difficult to descend, when from one heart to another the ascent is too beautiful.

In the moment of a laugh, one sound can erase the banal shores it has discovered, our sense of humor, never far away, attempts to return to the sands of those ever-stretching shores.

Thus from the moment one turns inward to these bursts of laughter that excess attracts, like the frus-

tration of a surprised child unable to catch it again as it fades too far away.

The divorce of self is by far the most serious when in separation one is shattered ever so much more as with a simple sign the heart slips away toward murky waters it does not suspect.

Jesus writes and laughs in his own rhythm, in a dimmed joy revealed on paper, he offers Celta revealing powers that, from the osmosis of passion and symbiosis of reflections, open through him parallel paths he takes backwards because time presses him onward.

Smiling, Jesus drops his pen whose purple ink and wisteria perfume harmonize with his thoughts that suddenly turn mauve in the appeased moment by this superb letter that he is yet to decide whether he will keep or not, or that he will, this morose morning, deliver to Celta with his own hands.

He will not reread this slightly sad poem, this letter with white pages and gilded moiré shaped like clouds to the unconscious eyes that travel its lines and mask the stormy weather.

Jesus rolls-up his letter and seals it in purple wax, inscribing the letter J of his first name and the olive branch that he chose, together with Sarara, the thousand year old emblem to decorate their mail. He then

places the letter in an immaculate marble cache before leaving. It is now time to join Farim for a meeting, scheduled by the Council, on the communication of the secret teachings to which his friend Melches, the wise man, has also invited him.

The Council room of the Temple of the purple Flame opened, the large enersoul table, beautiful in its thick rose waves, stands in the middle of the round room. Surrounded by chairs with rose silk pillows woven from silver threads, with high triangular shaped backs. The table slate, measuring thirty centimeters, is filled with a composite material made of a thick and fluid substance that creates waves, rhythmic electronic waves invisibly pulsed by an energetic ray. The process is called enersoul. The rose and white marble walls are topped by a smooth and polished transparent dome that allows the sky to pour in, filling up the room with enersoul if needed when the energies of excessive sun or rain threaten to interrupt an important meeting.

Jesus arrives at the same time as Farim, whom he missed earlier because of the hour spent writing the letter to Celta. After embracing, they enter and walk toward the east end of the room, to a round platform, where seats, stools and benches line the wall. The layout is harmonious, the area is reserved for auditors and speakers invited by the Council.

Melches arrives followed by Sepha and rest of the Temple dignitaries that Jesus, in the last three years, has only known by face, some of whom are examiners of the competitive tests of the initiation to the theoretical Teachings. The fourteen Council members are seated around the circular enersoul table, Jesus and Farim quietly sit down on two stools next to each another.

In front of them, on the north side, a wall slides open, unveiling a silver metallic bowl in which burns a fire of rose-colored flames. The immense round room is silent except for the noise of the fire, into which are tossed grains of pure incense that crackles and purrs softly.

The members of the Council then start chanting the syllable “EM,” their voices vibrate deeply, though seven among them are women. At this moment, flames of purple light spring from the floor and rise toward the dome, filling everyone present in their wake, the room is entirely haloed in an extraordinarily peaceful and strong atmosphere; when gone, the flames leave a haven whose emptiness is suddenly filled with an ephemeral golden light descending from the transparent dome, this light fills the room and disappears in each, through the top of the head. All present are invited to chant the syllable “AH” along with the members of the Council, the room is now so vibrant that Jesus feels a force, comparable to an electric wave going through his body. The feel-

ing of well-being it brings to him is indescribable, one look at Farim, who smiles, shows him the collective reality of this energy wave felt so intensely in each of his cells.

“O, supreme Presence, O almighty God.
After having blessed us with the manifestations
Of Your first energy through sound,
Its flames and their force,
Grant us Your light and Your power
So that in this room of the Great Council
As in the past and in the future, the
Present, in full wisdom is expressed,
Revealing with Your attentive
Kindness the eternal Intention of
Your Will to our vigilance.
We are “I am”
We serve “I am”
We express “I am” and
For the centuries to come, nourish in
Humanity the eternal Flame whose
Keepers we are.

“I am”

Together, we, keepers of the Flame
Open the 3,648th session of this
Honorable Council that “I am”
Here on earth consecrates to You.

EM...

AH...”

Thus Melches opens this session with the powerful energies of a Council of fourteen wise men living and maintaining their being in this almighty God, all of whose diverse powers are known in Atlantis, whose flames here are the multiple symbol, hosted in this circular room.

The Great Council deals with questions of general concern, from studies to students and particular examinations with the objective not to focus only on theory but to treat a non-technical practice that concerns the evolution of the individual experience of consciousness.

It is unanimously decided that the wise men of the Council will have to be more accessible to young students, men and women, and that regular meetings will have to be scheduled to avoid separating those who live the Teaching and those who aspire to the initiatory path, it is indeed the only way for the spiritual initiatory motivation to keep its original flame.

Giving through any energetic exchange in human relations is discussed as an essential part of the Teaching, as any energetic contact with an initiate of high degree is sacred, his energy field comparable to a holy temple, within himself, in addition to all that his multidimensional daily life can bring, at every level.

At this moment, Jesus is thinking about Sarara and the tremendous chance, opportunity... of his human and spiritual relationship with this God-given spouse.

Jesus is both transported and filled with emotion, is it really emotion? Suddenly he is not sure and at this moment Farim approaches and whispers in his ear:

– It's just Love.

These warm and friendly words are well timed, considering his instability in the past few days, and this places Celta where she really belongs and not as Jesus had imagined her, drawing from his imagination the distended threads of his mental wandering.

This extreme vibratory moment brings to Jesus a sense of perfect autonomy, autonomy in preparation for three years with Sarara who has achieved her own and lives it fully.

Jesus is suddenly enthusiastic as never before, in the true sense of the word, and to such an extent that any external disturbance whatsoever seems so derisory, so futile, without importance compared to this new and different feeling of fulfillment, that nothing and no one can share or disturb.

Jesus realizes that Sarara is the perfect example of the autonomy that neither he nor anyone else can disturb, no interference is possible, nor ever will be.

Because here God is the priority
Because here Service is the priority
Because here “I am” is Divine and in humanity, to
Its service,
The absolute priority.

Jesus thus becomes acutely aware of the question of being, on this day when the Great Council met and deliberated.

Of course, I knew it all along, he tells himself, but today it is no longer a matter of intellect but of integration in a dimension that the simple fact of “knowing intellectually” removes from inner reality.

The Great Council now debates the ritual programs of the coming three months and the full moons, while the new moons are reserved for esoteric work, in closed session with the fourteen members.

Melches then calls on Farim to approach the small podium in the south end of the room while on the west side a panel of the wall slides open, unveiling a luxurious garden of green vegetation and fabulous colors. Trees, flowers, a fountain... For the first time Jesus witnesses a council meeting. He is awed by the

beauty of the plants whose subtle fragrances rise all the way to the room.

Farim's presentation is entitled:

“Illusion and Energy”

According to Farim, illusion is a form of energy deviated from its original purpose. As soon as the energy, whatever its quality, enters into the mechanisms of the mental process, it takes the form, more or less blurred or more or less precise, of the movements created by our thoughts when the alignment of man and woman with God is not fulfilled in its original calling of a human being, in relation with the divine energies of incarnation and manifestation on earth.

This illusion, interpreted as rational reality, generates another energetic emission that distorts the action it motivates and propels.

Thus, connected to false summits the mind mistakes for real peaks, men and women color their actions and thoughts with these mental notes that the intellect takes as goals to attain while these are but the ephemeral nets of the invisible and spiritual sources they have not yet attained.

In the roads shrunken with the mental doses that the ego ingurgitates like a divine manna, lie the still-born buds of seeds sown and sprouts wilted before

they can bloom, harvested by pride and egoism that leave them in the dead and bygone seasons of opportunities that no personal effort was able to finish successfully.

Illusion is a chain with multiple links that the intellect triggers when the predatory ego clings to its own sources and never surpasses the anemic webs on the mental and emotional planes where storms die with powerless rage.

On this note Farim ends his discourse, followed by a lengthy meditative silence where all present contemplate their own difficulties, and Jesus, enthused, takes the opportunity to redress the desires that draw him to Celta.

At the closing ritual of the session the wall panel that opened to the garden closes its smooth brilliant marble surface on which reflections of the rose Flame dance once more before his eyes.

Melches again strikes the syllable “EM.”

Sepha rises, followed by the others, and walks toward the Flame before which she opens her arms in a V toward the sky, while the transparent dome slowly fills with rose and purple enersoul.

The vibratory intensity in the room is so strong that it fills the bodies of those present with an indescrib-

able well-being. Those who perceive the glow are fascinated by the delicate rose-colored flames emitting blue and yellow light, while the aura of the entire room surrounds them with subtle mauve and gold reflections.

The members of the Council leave one by one, with Melches last. Then, after an additional few seconds of silence in the now empty room, the audience exits in single file. The silence is deep, outside, Jesus looks around wondering how the members of the Council could have disappeared so rapidly from the white marble esplanade where reflections of a glowing winter sun play in splashes of light and shadow, created by the movement of the audience rising and leaving.

Together, Jesus and Farim exit quietly, perhaps closer than before this session, they are going to meet Sarara for a work session after a frugal lunch of fruit and cottage cheese, given the new moon...

The work session of the three friends takes place in the preparatory room of Sarara. It is a place of very high vibration in which contact with higher energies is facilitated. The quality of these contacts is proportional to the continuous flames perpetually fed by a fireproof energetic process of changing colors, from whose fire the purple, blue, rose, yellow-gold and lemon-green Flames automatically alternate in succession, according to the work in session.

These Flames emanate directly from the subtle planes on which consciousness evolves according to the work taking place... It is thus fascinating to see the extent to which these Flames are the very reflections of the work happening in the preparatory room, a veritable indicator of consciousness, a fantastic way to avoid any decision and any proposal not part of the Plan for the world, to which the Great Priestess Sarara works in collaboration with the Great Beings, her Masters and co-creators, to which she belongs on earth. This preparatory room is for the exclusive use of the Plan and only projects with a collective intent for humanity are processed.

It is thus in this room with a perpetual fire of multi-color Flames that meet, Sarara, Jesus and Farim meet after lunch.

The purpose is to consider illusion technically and energetically as presented by Farim who has experienced the mental forms he needed to shatter and atomize in order to cleanse the electronic passage that connects him to the celestial hierarchies.

Sarara starts the session with an invocation of purification to the purple Flame that suddenly fills the room and their bodies, to accelerate the pure conditioning of that approach without which no real work can occur. She stresses that this ritualistic work is only possible here because of the unconditional commitment of the three servants of God present,

and of their individual effort on the human plane for a respiritualized and devoted consciousness in total perfectibility.

Then, Sarara invokes the rose Flame of Love as well as the golden sacred Flame of God in action.

The preparatory room is embalmed in incense and myrrh; the three friends are now seated in the center, one on each side of an equilateral triangular table. It is a table of white marble with purple and golden veins, rising up from the floor for this meeting. Other tables of different shapes are also available according to the number of participants; these tables are currently hidden beneath the floor, blending in with the marble, whose different colors ornate with superb inlays the smooth surface of this special space of high vibration.

After a meditative silence, the session begins as Sarara signals Farim to speak.

But Farim, eyes closed, remains silent.

Several forms then appear above him, that Sarara and Jesus, surprisingly for them, are capable of seeing with their physical eyes. There is the face of a young woman that Jesus, with fright, recognizes as the face of Celta, whose oblique laughing eyes provoke them. This face moves toward Jesus and then slips between Sarara and him, both of whom follow

it until it shatters, like a glass vase, its fragments remaining suspended in the air. Fragments of dense light, shattered, float in the room; one of the fragments strikes the energetic structure of Sarara, slicing a line on her right shoulder from which energy immediately escapes. All of this, Sarara, who has jumped up, and Jesus, can see as clearly as they can see Farim and the details of the preparatory room hosting this preventive work.

Sarara tries to dislodge the bright green fragment of an eye from her body without success, it is attached like a sucker on her energetic body. Farim then opens his eyes, his face turns deep red and sweat appears, while the fragment is drawn toward him and enters into his energetic body where it is instantaneously burned in a bright flash of light, like a pure white wave harmonizing in the energetic body until it disappears.

Farim's heartbeat accelerates during this process that ends after several minutes.

Then, one by one, the other fragments of the face of Celta are sucked in by the energetic structure of Farim who burns them, one after another, to the very last, through the same cleansing process.

Jesus is baffled, Sarara dazzled, Farim who had closed his eyes again opens them to smile at his two friends whose similar expressions of surprise makes him laugh softly.

Silent strength, facetious thunder, where these unconscious and conscious thoughts are born, dispersed and engulfed, these thoughts that reside and fill invisible spaces, quite safely spreading out over the veil of our frustrations that the consumed desires to which we only open the tombs of memories like the dungeons of happy returns that the mind stores on the portals of its dreams. Sarara is silent and from the smiling eyes of Farim to the frozen expression of her husband, she draws a rapid synthesis of the energetic work just ending, linking Celta whose name she does not know to the young woman of whom Jesus talked about now three weeks ago. Her eyes on Jesus seems to say:

– It's her?

To this silent question Jesus really answers:

– Yes, that's Celta, she's the one I mentioned to you.

Sarara rises to terminate the session before the Flame turns blue, as if to help with its color the transformation of the fragments of light, purifying the mental plane, while Farim proceeds to the alchemical transmutation within his own physical body.

After the session, the triangular table sinks back into floor, the now rose-colored Flame seems to wave

goodbye and all three leave the room. Few words have been exchanged, each returns to their own room, a meeting is scheduled later that afternoon, after meditation, for a work session, before dinner this time.

The atomization and digestion by Farim of the thought-form of the face of Celta, emitted by his own mind, baffles Jesus. Of course he had heard, in theory, of this energetic work but having seen it with his own eyes, changes everything, as Celta, thus expressed, belongs to him mentally. The extent of his responsibility on this subject is a curious weight to bear that he finds difficult to undo.

Jesus is sitting in his room, from the deck Souci enters voluptuously and jumps up on his lap, purring and demanding to be petted, but Jesus is so indifferent that the cat protests, gently biting his hand, which makes his master smile.

Winter has moments of spring that enchant Jesus. Here, in Atlantis, the very rays of the sun seem to align themselves with the colors of the sacred Flames, yielding to their colorful fires as if to approve their undeniable magical qualities so well to be seen in this Temple of the purple Flame.

The lemon flavored water that Jesus sips is refreshing, but does not calm the vivid inner fire these past days have ignited in him.

He thinks of his wife, of Celta, Farim and Melches, a merry-go-round of dancing characters that haunt him, leaving him still restless. The circles within him are abusive, light, hopping and skipping ceaselessly over curving thoughts, like vicious circles that nothing can stop and everything feeds.

He then thinks about Sepha the elder and the Great Priestess Sarara that he cannot, today, totally identify with his wife.

Then a saraband of dancing flames rises and blends with Souci, in a whirling fire of sacred Flames and sparkling colors that manifest and envelop Jesus, impregnating one after another the members of his body and immolating with intense light each of his cells over the bright altar of an incarnation whose return to the source of the Father is so obvious that its fulfillment in Him can not but occur. This wintry day, the bewilderment that strikes Jesus with delicate tones is a sort of avant-garde warning that, in him, knows what will happen to the extent it can discern the most subtle vibrations as, still obstinate in his choices, he suddenly wonders whether he really has a choice!?

Souci is a continuous demanding purr, his abandoned forepaws claw gently, moment by moment, on a thigh, an arm or a piece of clothing. Souci is a happy cat that neither denies, renounces or disdains

any of its feline prerogatives, all the more on a day like today when Jesus seems, in his eyes of a cat, to need tenderness.

A few minutes later Farim discovers Jesus lost in the clouds. After knocking, he enters, finding Jesus turned toward the veranda with his eyes drowned in such an intense inner world that his entry is excluded. Farim stops several meters from Jesus and immediately sees the colorful saraband of flames circling Jesus, cutting him off from objective reality. The room and part of the veranda are totally impregnated with the movement, to such an extent that his friend Souci sitting on his lap seems no more than a lost molecule in a country of whirling flames in a world that, although not infernal, was not divine.

The subtle matter of uncertain planes was so strongly condensed in the room that Jesus, cut-off from his objective anchors, was sailing like a ship lost on the uncontrollable waves and the underwater tides of a troubled sea.

Farim observes the movements of the thoughts of Jesus, the colored harmony is surprising as the agitation to which it belongs offers no alternative to serenity or quietness, it is but latent furor, caught in an inner storm, over these non-trivial details that crowd life while diversifying it to such an extent that some separations, painful to the soul and treacherous to the Divine, are lost to the vague pleasure of an

ego that needs to feel, reveling in them the time it takes to wonder about things that nothing and no one will answer satisfactorily.

Jesus is somewhere else, nowhere surrounds him with a delicate shell of light colored by the sources that he has ceased fighting as the luminosity emanating from it flows in him, trying vainly to drown in the shock received because given, of the face of Celta, digested in its shattered forces, by the pure energies of Farim whose integrative power gives to the action of Love its original project of purification and inclusion.

Souci opens a lazy eye to the stranger he greets willingly, lacking will... his aggressive purr calms so suddenly that Jesus, brought down to earth, turns toward his friend Farim, standing behind him.

The two men exchange a friendly smile, Souci, surprised by the abrupt movement of his master, jumps to the floor and leaves, tail straight up, without stretching as usual, disturbed and haughty.

Jesus stands up. Without a word, he takes Farim by the arm and leads him toward the garden, under a welcoming bright green arbor of branches and leaves. The temperature is so pleasant it doesn't seem like the middle of winter.

The two friends sit down on a smooth white stone bench where the folds of their togas spread out harmoniously around them.

The silence is such that it could last forever. The sun, motionless and already pale, only indicates the timeless clarity of a sky that has seen all, heard all, yet is still ready to understand from the unknown what can be sheltered before being lighted. An initiatory and infinite sky that nothing can be excluded or hidden from, ready to unveil in its secret clarity the slightest invisible keys the heart needs to advance in its nuptial march, without giving anyone the right to the veto that could hinder it. There are times of eternity that the present lives so intensely that nothing marginalizes the strange sensation to those who live them. Yet, the more night resembles dawn and the more dawn, freed from its light shadows and tired by the somber opacity of night, the more dawn, says Jesus, is the promise of a different light, shapeless and without recourse, a promise of freedom on the rails of these luminous lines of which are made and from which come, while being prepared, the saving realizations that travel within inner life, parting us with the preceding step while making us close in on the next, like a parcel of flame that bursts in its luminosity and returns without having ever left, thus intensifying in size and density the mother flame that propels and liberates it.

The image is beautiful and suddenly the arbor is filled with small sparkling flames whose violet reflections harmonize with this cozy protecting space, to lighten the slightest corners. The branches vibrate with pleasure, Farim observes the intensifying brightness and Jesus sculpts with his thoughts, both distracted and vagabond, the impalpable forms of these new creative sensations that he knows not and masters very little, faced with the inscrutable expanse they anticipate of his thoughts, light and dense.

Red is the fire, absurd the law, beautiful the ecstasy and abrupt the consciousness, when the sky, in harmony with the heart, lends to the soul that plunges there into the unequaled joy of an assistance that fulfills the ineffable propensity of being with justice, to become, as evolution, suddenly, revels in a initiatory space whose threshold is an impregnable horizon in which, immersed, we are but calm and serene with no shape than the informal in its omnipresent and omniscient dimensions that every line, erasing its possible horizons, is but infinite radiance to the light in which the divine colors of integrated qualities, have as equals but the unique diversities of which each is an opening toward the other, the sky, infinity, God in His continuations that every manifestation, divine, is an additional anchor to the real order He projects of His integrated multitude to the soul of all, of which each person, individually, describes the curve in their rediscovered magnitude.

Farim observes Jesus, in silence, in a sort of continuation of a state he accompanies, loving observer, mute accomplice of this interactive cycle where Jesus and the rediscovered inner universe burst into the divine universe of an initiatory restructuring, spend energetically radiant minutes for the compromising magma of these deceiving springs, whose clear water seems irreproachable in purity but that, contrary to expectations, are but deceitful reflections in a slow march to which all lost drops are powerless.

Farim is attentive, can we say searching? The direct vision in which he envelops Jesus is so largely included in the adequacy of a fundamental realization he witnesses that nothing yet can be said, much less explained.

Realization, at this level, is a form of energetic slippage toward other dimensions where continuity opens, through awakening, to a broader landscape in which the heart includes, in its energy, a universal soul with flexible radiance whose tones are but divine intentions in expression, thus the verge of human manifestation linked to a purpose of service both to God and humanity, that the initiate about to cross a clear threshold, will have to offer the best of himself in total availability.

Farim observes Jesus.

Jesus who becomes, in Christ, this son of God, Jesus, who, from Christ-light to light shadow, humanly controlled, opens by himself, in himself, through himself, with the help of the Father, the bursting storm whose future lightning will strike his body immersed in humanity, giving to the latter the individual capability for the same initiatory travel and beyond, through the infinite immensity of a total submission to find again, to will and to live, as he is currently preparing, in this Temple of the purple Flame, sacred spouse of a Great Priestess, divine springboard for his initiation as a man, in the service of the Divine, on Earth.

Jesus, bathed in purple light, opens his eyes and suddenly this clarity escapes from a visually deceptive reality of which Farim is a permanent symbol in the heart of Jesus.

An understanding smile links them immediately while, from the heart of Farim to that of Jesus, and reciprocally, threads of golden radiant light create in their comings and goings a safe path with amazing luminescence.

Not a single word is spoken.

Jesus rises to follow Farim, his friend and brother, toward the gardens of the Temple they walk through together.

Sarara suddenly appears on the main path, walking toward them, in deep conversation with a young blond priest with a juvenile look whose large and laughing eyes borrow a soft and innocent clarity from the sky. Wrapped in purple-colored veils, Sarara is wearing a set of amethysts Jesus likes so well. Unreal with beauty, feline grace and bright radiance, Sarara disappears at the crossing of a second path, without even seeing the two friends who have just slowed down under the impact of this vision. The path is again empty, but a light wave of floral fragrance leaves its imprint on the energetic space whose intensity Farim and Jesus together feel, in silence.

Sarara walked by while remaining energetically available to the two men whose auric field, fulfilled, feeds on renewed vigor.

Farim and Jesus finally arrive at the sacred bath where a round swimming pool fifty meters in diameter offers its circular form to the residents of the Temple. The pool is encircled with golden inlays whose symbolic drawings decorate with their curls the immense circumference. There are stars, quarter moons—silver inlays—the sun, stars in their symbols, as well as the names of Wise men or Masters such as ASTREA or DONATA and the “DEITY” or IGMUN... all from Atlantis originally, self-realized, or still cosmic powers such as the energetic flames whose colors appear around the sacred bath. The cir-

cumference is gay, bright and the marble sparkles under the winter sun.

The water is warm to the touch, ninety degrees.

Young vestals, naked under their airy transparent togas come out of the rose colored water, in line, harmonizing with their colors, from pale rose to dark purple, a joyous and silent disarray on the platform prolonging the circumference, they sit at a circular table of white and gold marble to invoke together the purple Flame that soon appears, to envelop them in its purring flames.

Further, two slim young men take off their brief loincloths and slowly enter the bathwater, step by step. Their nudity is so chaste that Jesus and Farim are in awe, as though a brightly colored painting was opening the Atlantean sky to the mildness of a climate where seasons are the same like sisters of eternity.

Still without a word, Farim and Jesus shed their clothing then cross the golden circumference of the bath. While entering the rose colored water their loincloths float for a moment over the surface before sinking, like them, immersing their heads, smoothly, in the purifying wave of the sacred bath whose mild water is alive, cleansed by an Atlantean process of purification. This water never stagnates, it is sacred and blessed, to welcome priests and priestesses, residents and friends of the Temple.

Jesus stands up in the middle of the pool while Farim, several minutes later, does the same. Their long hair pressed against their necks, shoulders and backs streaming with water, their pearly rose colored skin seems like alabaster, their eyes find one another while Farim, in his psychic vision, admires the radiant cords that connect them together, and the links of intimate luminosity, each nourishes with his own energy the expression and the intense brightness. Jesus does not see the cords of light, he only knows how to live them, and their radiance emerges from his eyes, these windows of the soul that the spiritual world fills with clarity and joy.

Jesus knows he is alone next to Farim, as if, in him, with him, through him, he could exist a little more, he feels different yet identical to Farim, in osmosis, in a common inner silence, where each heart, beating to the rhythm of the other, sees a space renewed with energetic forces whose auric field, in its common space, feeds the other, a cosmic transfer, immense, infinite, a very wide transfer that the energetic field thus created spreads and transmits in waves so beautiful that Farim, when he sees this, almost cannot bear the irradiating multiple colored beauty with his physical eyes.

The bath is silent, and now, floating on their backs, Farim and Jesus sail in the common sky of their deep belonging, like silent travelers in a divine world

whose earthly anchor bears their names, like a signature of God whose two syllables “Jesus” will resonate for a long time over the entire world, and that Farim, forgotten by the peoples of the future, is yet, like Sarara, such an important catalyst and initiatory traveling companion.

The sacred bath, where they are now alone, resonates with the quiet lapping of the small waves they create, arms perpendicular to the body, on their backs, ears deaf to the world, initiates with the submarine tones of a blessed water, used to purify, absorb, carry, flow as long as the body is awakened, the conscience attentive and the spirit pure.

The charm is maintained by the soft silence that surrounds them. The young women softly sing their meditative invocations while colors appear and disappear around them, filling with their hues the collective atmosphere of an empty bath where energies gather and concentrate in the golden verticality of a rose colored ambiance dear to the purple Flame.

Jesus, eyes immersed in the clear blue of the sky, Farim, eyes in the psychic vision of a friend in total inner mutation, find the perfect harmonic accord of a spiritual achievement whose notes have resonated in the far away of these divine tones, whose melodies sung by man and woman give to the heart its passport to eternity.

Jesus, ever so slowly, becomes immortal and quite naturally, Farim follows this path with an expert energy, in his experiences for the service of the general good, in and for everyone.

Becoming is a real experience that has nothing to do with the mind.

To become is like a brake one pulls on the self, unless it is the power of a rediscovered force from which energy takes sustenance to feed an auric field needed by the world.

Becoming is an individual experience where the collective plays such a strong role that the cords linking us to it can be worn to exhaustion by the progress of consecration, the energetic potential of which each diverts or dilapidates.

In silence, in the sacred bath, Jesus and Farim abandon and aim for this consecration in the full energetic power that the auric field allows which, emanating from the two friends, now overflows to the periphery of the path, including the young vestals and the surroundings of the sacred bath they contribute to reconsecrate... if possible.

Becoming is so beautiful
Becoming is so tangible
Becoming is so light

Becoming is so sudden... when renounced to the Divine, one surrenders to it completely.

Jesus believes he is reading these words in gilded letters over a slack blue sky, while several yards away Farim thinks it very intensely.

Divine generosity of this becoming whose letters of nobility are inscribed by the red-hot iron of the fires of evolution in the vulnerabilities of the human beings who, with their efforts, only measure but the impassability to not be, when in a flash they attain the experience to be but divine, against all odds, in this incarnation exclusively vested with divine mission, to whom is conscious, beyond reason and the mind.

Divine performance, these playful movements echo in their bodies before becoming unimpeded energies, transparent in density, absolute in beauty, radiant with color.

Divine joy of Jesus, floating on his back in the sacred bath whose rose colored wake gently caresses his pearly enamel skin. Divine rejoicing of Farim, the friend, the vibratory rate of whose auric field brings in its radiance the expression of the Divine, gathered in the very essence of this spiritual center that, just above the navel, sends its brilliant white sun to pierce a clear blue sky, irradiating even more.

Farim is resolutely motionless, his open heart blends with the clear blue sky while next to him Jesus feels the pulse of his own heart whose harmony breathes the spontaneous mechanics of a healthy physique born joyously by the water.

The bath is delightful. The young women are still singing when Farim gets out of the water. Sitting with his legs crossed on a marble stool, he listens to the clear delicate voices from which spirals of color shoot toward the sky. Bright glittering points of light travel from the young women to him, going through the center of their circle where they spring forth in golden rays. It is so beautiful and refreshing that Farim, following the woman with his eyes, begins softly singing a melodious song, and as his voice blends with theirs, the young women slow down, smiling, without turning to look.

Jesus who also leaves the sacred bath, stretches his arms to the sky in a V, then leans to the ground where he places his hands, palms flat down, before choosing a large, rectangular rose-colored marble stool. Seated as in meditation he lets the song fill him up. Blue colored volutes rush into his auric field whose vibratory rate rises up to a pale rose note whose healing softness soon envelops him completely, while, holding his spine straight, he initiates from his tranquil heart, the openness to the others around him, receiving them in himself and linking them in his inner space to the Father, sensitive polarity of his

learning, that he yet must master. Infinity has glowing luminescences comparable to echoing sounds. Farim has a beautifully resonant voice, the melody becomes stronger and in this masculine polarity a form of inner dilation is triggered, in which Jesus loses himself to the enlarged dimensions of an unknown self that reaches his heart directly through his soul. Jesus, sitting on the rose marble stool looks like a luminous statue of flesh with irradiating cells and this clarity has enveloped the circle of young women so strongly that they turn toward him, the music that now passes through their lips is more rhythmic and in his inner breathing Jesus opens the order on a plane he lives and communicates through the silence of a breath that makes his chest rise ever so slightly, whose secret is retained and freed in the abdomen like a sound whose Word, grateful, finds again the trace in man.

Farim follows this rhythm with his whole body. His voice suddenly draws a new power, covering those of the young women that slowly subside in a discrete murmur, a different breath, twin brother of the silence of Jesus.

Finally Farim's voice, bound by the collective ecstasy, bursts out in a sustained and almost violent tone, whose hoarseness will fade in turn creating circular waves in the sacred bath whose rose colored water now is filled with violet and golden reflections.

Light is the daughter of abandon,
Light is the sister of vibration,
Light is a ray in its quality,

Light is a concentrated laser that, from its wave to all the present hearts, hems with its divine tune the strange moment in its disturbing unicity whose expression is carried by Jesus in such eloquent silence, of which Farim traces vibratory wakes so sweet that the young women accept the invitation to bathe again. Together the vestals walk toward the magical circle whose color fills the air with light, and together they plunge into the water before the closed eyes of Jesus, gliding under the voice of Farim who becomes silent as they become silent, together, plunging into the sacred bath where their blond and dark hair floats, while a music drowns in the depths of this purification whose symbolic baptism is flooded in a bright violet glimmer from a light whose golden cords, unlimited and delicate, link together those searching and answering hearts that Farim and Jesus, with the young women, link to themselves in the songs and waves, now sealed for life by the silence of a hieratic Jesus with closed eyes.

Angular shapes, scapular of fire or stone rosary, intoxication of the prayer or sweet madness of these silent meditations, sonorous orgies with repeating notes, balancing the body in the haunting chants of the ritual services of the Temple of the purple Flame, soft intertwining of voices whose melodious variations shift at will, gliding their deep echo over the spaces of beautiful smooth marble surfaces, this is the daily experience of these priests and priestesses in the Temple who, from flame to flame, renew the Divine to better communicate it.

Days are colored diaphanous or opaque as they are lived externally or internally, to esoteric or exoteric rhythms, in the same breath, whether the inner mirror is reflecting or not, which, from introspection to projection, includes or excludes from each, shadow or light, reflections or dangers.

Residents and students of the Temple benefit from a global rhythm whose cycles coordinate with the colors of the flames of the Temple, limited only by the words of the invocations.

The magnificent chants sometimes access or are the objects of interference or harmony whose mutual relations accelerate or temper, unless they block or annihilate, forge or unravel them from human relations in a way that is here voluntary and learned, taught and lived toward the just, for the beautiful, the good, the true.

To tell, to do or to organize are erased before a different order whose sole imperative is to be.

Loves are but dead as Love is an absolute energetic priority whose intrinsic quality depends upon a totally drastic energetic hygiene.

Classes here are intense, but the vibratory level of the students and the classrooms is so high that the space itself is a relational opportunity between self and self, self and others, all and the Divine to which every minute is dedicated.

Time to begin, to open, infinity, immensity, interiority to enlarge, to define differently, to respect, to live more and more, to plunge into a serene mobility that nothing constrains and each second defines in its eternity like an unknown song that discovers itself in its new music of the same harmony to share and be different in a service where the Divine, once and for all, has priority.

Beautiful days that, like pearls, are strung on the necklace of incarnation, iridescent pearls, sacred pearls that roll with the heart up to the vast beginning whose wide thresholds, like a fully opened fan, bring each to themselves and all to God.

Sacred cords of these divine tranquilities that are to the Wise the permanent emblem of a silent pact with the Divine to wed in the self, through the self, in daily life.

Simultaneously deep, strong and soft sensations that express themselves and interfere, open and amplify themselves for God is the origination and destination that liberates but does not mask, suggests but does not dictate and explains but does not plead.

There are slow curves the soul tightens, from which the ego hides, hurried to slow down the negative effects that sometimes, in truth, will vanquish in the long term.

Criss-crossing, slow predestinations and surprising prophecies where one learns about the self what needs to be forgotten, where the day takes on new colors that make pride blush and humility pale. Nights are sometimes tortuous and stillborn, like ascents that plunge into the blackness of a night whose call neither uplifts nor depresses, but whose dark advances petrify more than they excite.

There are rituals the Temple is proud of, there are classes the teachers are fond of and there are professors the students are crazy about and secrets that unveil while mysteries grow deeper.

How can one describe this life at the Temple and these superb buildings of marble that extend over gentle hills, whose flat roofs have open air terraces where emotions dilate, where bad ideas deteriorate and where so much is invented that it is sometimes difficult to follow the bright paths over the hearts that free them in total abnegation.

And when dawn admires itself with its permanent renewal, the Temple of the purple Flame shines with all its fires, in summer as in winter, over the Atlantean legends that made it famous, one can read in letters of flame the reticent violet of these secretly tepid thoughts that nonetheless animate, obviously, the slow extortion of sacred funds that the ignorant apply to form of which they remain prisoners.

Despite its sacred Temple Atlantis will be destroyed by this error and ignorance and Farim realizes this today while strolling about Andreos where profane powers take over the sacred powers that, from the dawn of times, vainly shouts itself hoarse in these deserts fortified by the anarchic ups and downs of an absolutist ignorance. Yet, life in Atlantis is beautiful and while watching with his deep blue eyes those, smiling, of women passing by, Farim sees with en-

larged vision the treacherous avenues taken by people hungry for power, for sensation and luxury... obsessed by materialism.

Of these eternal joys that we do not expect to endure for so long, of this captivating enthusiasm that opens the heart by forgetting of self, of these inner journeys that, limitless, incite us to infinity, of these clear springs that cleanse what in each, all can project, move, unconsciously liberate from their redundant singular private conversations, of these sweet attentions that we owe ourselves in total humility because, being divine, we must learn to live the human in all its bitterness, of these brief eternities seen in a fleeting moment when purged of the non-sense, of the misinterpretations, delivers our heart and enchants our soul that plunges into it while recognizing itself therein, of these endless descents into chasms so dark that nothing is lost because nothing can be, of these ephemeral sensations the flesh awaits, into which it falls to feed upon before dying of it, of these piercing reefs, always unexpected, that the movements, of life, of others, of self, renew and accentuate, of these wilted hopes to have waited too long and of these green seasons once thought extinct, of these roses with suave or blood-red colors that open the heart when it feels, loves or is deceived, crucified by the echo time keeps of its memories that cling to the skin, of these satisfied sensualities resuscitated by desires one cannot forget, of these lonely or orgiastic pleasures that tune to

the mind to explore the imbalances, of these furtive nights when the abyss of sleep is the subject of prayers by the exacerbation of a mental anarchy that refuses to succumb, of these veils that one removes with a timid heart over the horizon of sentimental torments, in the total ignorance of what Love can mean, really, of these months, these years, lost forever to service of self or the other in the absurd cocoon of the couple's illusion, of these amazements that, surging forth from the self to return there, gored with power, to lodge deeply in a serenity not comparable to any calm... of all this, of all the rest, of more still or less, moment by moment, of the sharps and minors of this music founded on a real obstruction that, at once, passes to the reality of a true, carnal, spiritual experience, deep in its resonance, light in its promises, sure in its states, so different and yet so strong, that the whole being finds its place forever acquired.

Of these furious calms when the inner voice, suffocated, cannot sing its notes, of these vicious circles when the time to turn makes spinning tops of us, of these numerous crossings where is found the choice to hesitate again, to doubt before taking a path embellished by illusion, of these immense gardens where over-harvested flowers still bloom with immortal perfumes, of these vast prairies, these beautiful fields where in the time of a sigh one enters a dream, that seduces us still when back under the shadow of our own reefs their memories sharpen in

our avid minds... of these bewitching banks where dried tears wet not the sands that there reside, frozen with humidity in an arid zone where forgotten tides watched over by white dunes escape over the low horizon of bitterness, of these diaphanous clouds, like shreds of muslin hanging their aerial silhouettes on the sky of our defeats, torn by the wind or pasted down by the quiet heat before vanishing from the sky to the void, of these silken tatters, gem-studded, that in their elusive sheen glimmer so brightly that the weakness of this illusory light, stimulating them to excess, can lurch like a worm over the stunted universe of a navel searching for its own freedom, of these superb hills toward which we all gravitate, that must renounce, to these untimely excursions that hail boredom before bringing it down within the participants, of these storms blessed by torrential rains, of these inner deluges from which the heart emerges, cleansed, of these full or non-existent shapes that direct their foreign legions on the mind like a military cadence that nothing can distract when on the body an invasion has been declared...

... of these military honors on which we climb the late scaffold of a worried abandonment, of the ruining remains of our strong past ambitions attached to our thoughts, of this laughter, these cries and their impromptu cohort of effects and rejections, of these ramparts, ultimately, that will crumble even when their all too solid walls are not shaken by the endless terrors or the merciless wars that, left with ourselves,

we will have lost to the benefit of these foundations, pale in the rising morn, over which the heart having discovered its own flaws, advances toward the awaited beginning...

... there are words, there are sentences,
fright and flights,
blood and chalices,
banks and streams that spiritual tides from other planes, invade energetically. To the dikes and dams we all construct, repressed are the divine priorities that incarnation offers to the heart of all and whose powers the mind recuperates to better comfort itself in the illusion of "doing."

To be a student and reside at the Temple of the purple Flame implies being conscious of the trials of reality to experience a three hundred and sixty degree change in point of view because the sacralization of priorities in the eternal sense of a Divine, to serve, in total devotion, is also a choice, a destiny to be sure, but not the destiny of every human being on earth? And is not the choice of life engagement that many lives bear witnesses to, whose destiny it prepares, that the soul anticipates and the heart can only follow?

On this question, this very night, Jesus, lying on his back in his room, closes his eyes before falling asleep.

There is no routine in the Temple of the purple Flame, every day brings a mobility whose spirituality raises the cordial initiatives that each commits to complete, a research committee works permanently on several occult and organizational issues on the ritual and symbolic planes, respecting the mobility of the impermanence of the inner initiatory path.

The research committee has welcomed Farim with open arms, and he has decided to spend one year at the Temple in order to perfect his knowledge in certain areas and probably learn some new things too. Jesus is also being considered, at the request of Farim. They wanted to work together and then the need to work together prevailed over all other work.

Farim thus waits impatiently for the Council to nominate Jesus to the committee. With Sarara's consent, Farim has been granted the Eastern wing of the house for one year, a two-level wing comprising five rooms and one terrace that overlooks the garden, with a beautiful view of the Temple. At 5:30 every morning he sits on the terrace to view the sunrise and admire the soft pastel atmosphere of pastel colors em-

anating from the sacred Flames that blend with the crimson-orange tones of the rising sun.

Every morning Farim, like the Egyptians, celebrates the millenary dawn of a rising sun in all its glory with changing colors, surprising and unique in their simple diversity.

In this daily beginning, revealing and energetic, Farim draws his inspiration for the day, at least he gathers in his heart the divine tone that dominates, assimilating and integrating it to not lose the guiding string throughout the long hours of the day.

The Eastern aisle is surrounded by greenery, an adorable deer lives there, Farim christened her Vada.... Why? he wonders. But he likes the name, and so does the doe that responds to him quite freely when she wants.

Give to your words the colors of your soul, to your life the warmth of your heart, to your desires the sense of the Divine, to your reasons, let go of your self, to your house give your inner clarity, to your awakenings the generosity of their source, to your decisions the rigor of innocence and to your words, divine ideograms whose shapes, unknown, come to you because you do not seek to own them.

Give to your nights the purity of your dawns when the bath has purified your body without other cont-

aminations spilling over the bittersweet risks that you incur, undoubtedly, this kind of life is wide open to the future, beaming in the hour that will make today the miraculous road that sometimes needs to be cleaned up on the sides, for the young who miss the turns.

Give your ideas, while giving your heart, it is sometimes so beautiful to open up totally when people get defensive, when the mind procrastinates, when faith vanishes because of some banal interest, give again and always, of your life, your blood, yourself, and even then, give after having given everything, give ceaselessly until you give your life, because this divine breath you breath permanently, men, women, still unconscious, will be able to follow the light thread that travels and magnifies itself by the blessing God grants in the grandiose wave of his multitude of which you are a manifestation.

Give and become the child of an almighty God united by heart, in simplicity of soul, listen, give and leave what may return to you, unless it be, in full consciousness, the supreme will of an incarnated Divine that, thus, gives and communicates of itself, without ever betraying itself or others, in a just relation to everything and all.

Be blessed and give
Be blessed and love beyond yourself...
Be blessed and work in God because

God thus works through you, His child,
Be blessed.

Thus, Jesus, at the heart of the conjugal house, listens to the inner voice of the Father in himself, while this morning, in his bath, he cleanses the abyssal night humidity of the unusual warmth of this so Spring-like Atlantean Winter...

Farim is very close to Jesus and in the weeks that follow his nomination to the research committee, they both start working on a plan of action where numerous questions must be formulated for their research.

- 1) Is initiation compatible with a technique?
- 2) Should rituals depend on or be organized around the level of evolution of the participant or participants?
- 3) How to define an esoteric teaching? How to convey esoteric teachings to those concerned? Who is ready for this knowledge? How to avoid giving super-powerful tools to people who are not ready?

These three questions preoccupy the two men in different ways, Jesus as a student and Farim as a teacher. These are important subjects they decide to bring to the attention of the research committee as early as the next meeting.

What is said is done, and they introduce this draft program at the next meeting, which is the first for Jesus.

The program is unanimously approved by the members of the committee who submit it to Sarara the Great Priestess.

A summary of the last work pertaining to the sacred spaces is next presented. Inner space is considered as a summit to conquer through other material spaces available in the Temples and other sacred spaces. This interesting presentation is followed by a decision about a proposal for the Council of Wise Men that relates to the preparation of sacred spaces, and the connection to inner evolution. Solitude is approached in an interesting way, like a space to rediscover and maintain cyclically, to the evolutionary rhythm of each person. The Temple, dedicated to a collective solitude, where the interiority of each marks a defined territory in which all are interdependent. The form of consciousness here takes root in a common space where each becomes the defining fertile ground of potential spiritual consciousness.

Tupara reads the presentation, she is a fifth year student who seems to be in her thirties, on the way to becoming a Great Priestess. Except for two of the members who belong to the Superior Council, Jesus

is surprised by the young age of the members of the committee who he imagined were much older.

A closing ritual concludes the work, there is no flame, the invocation is directly linked to God, Farim, the clairvoyant, receives directly in his energetic structure the high vibratory rate he defines, while the room is filled with such a strong golden light that he struggles to rise, so sudden is the brightness. Jesus, who cannot see this happening, experiences this state differently, as an inner gathering where all the members of the committee are included. They finally stand up to leave, one after another, in line, while darkness slowly fills the room whose light wood door is carefully closed by Tupara herself.

Jesus can rightfully wonder how his sacred wife is doing, sultana and always beautiful, while in her multiple activities as Great Priestess of the purple Flame she also must take time for meditative reflection and solitude before and after the rituals that draw her away from him at this moment.

Thus, after his dinner with Farim tonight in the Eastern aisle, Jesus has decided to wait for her so they can talk. To tell her he loves her, he says to himself. Wrapped in a silken violet cape, Sarara finally arrives around ten o'clock after two rituals, one for a birth. With her smiling eyes she carries Jesus to the conjugal room while carelessly dropping her cape to the floor that is immediately picked up by the young vestal who follows her. The vestal disappears, bowing at the door, following a sign from Sarara.

Jesus takes his wife in his arms, her warm, supple body excites him as he squeezes her against himself.

– It seems like an eternity... murmurs Sarara...

Jesus interrupts her with a gentle kiss, groaning with pleasure.

Sarara mischievously bursts out in laughter, removing the mauve scarf from around her neck, pulling one of the tails that hangs on her back. Smiling, Jesus helps her with this..

A new complicity... or different... seems to have begun in their separation from each other.

– Thus is life! Answers Sarara immediately, it moves, it changes, because what links us is not only visible and objective, but... spiritual, it is beautiful, divine, fluid; it is Love and it is... like this, she interjects in a pirouette before disappearing into the washroom where a bath awaits her, as after every ritual. Unclothed, she invites her husband to join her, as she slowly enters the warm pool, sultana and naked.

Even after three years, Jesus still admires his wife's beauty, but, much more than the charming shapes of her body he cherishes, much more than her face or her eyes, the color of her skin, her hair, attributes that are all certainly important, there is in Sarara such playfulness, such joy, such wisdom that he is always astonished, like the first day they met.

Tonight, they play in the water like children, far removed from the rituals of the Temple and its discipline, from the studies, from the initiatory preoccupations, from everything, and while Sarara dives to

take Jesus by the legs pulling him down, he wonders whether, after all, they are not, in the innocence of this rediscovered joy that he is now aware of, even closer to a truly natural ritual, proper to the children of the Divine, when impregnated by Him and flowing in Him, human nature itself becomes His very expression.

Sarara's two maids discretely exchange glances before disappearing from this charming spectacle, they know that their mistress the Great Priestess will no longer need them tonight. They drop the clean rose nightclothes in a nearby changing room, and Jesus' young servants do the same.

Preoccupied by their play, Sarara and Jesus have seen nothing.

The dinner will be served in the room, a sacred conjugal ritual of flesh is being prepared, for the time being the officiants, preoccupied as they are, play while purifying themselves or is it the contrary?

Jesus stops thinking about these things.

Sarara roars with laughter.

These two children love each another.

The strange destiny that joins them tonight is at rest, uncertain perhaps in the midst of so much joy and beauty they share and express.

Life has moments of truce and calm that we need to discern, when consciousness is involved, a barometer of Divinity, when ecstasy follows in direct line from the Divine and with so many miracles to experience to the fullest at night, this evening bows with deference to these two superb bodies that a common spirituality will join a little later on, in the light of the candles and the rose Flame that bathes the white and gold bed of these lovers in a living Atlantis that does not yet know it is living its last years, its last century?...

What matters? The time has come for the inner wealth of an extraordinary divine initiatory journey that springs forth.

Tonight, late after midnight, in the ecstasy of a happy exhaustion, once more Jesus will think of Joseph his father with emotion, while hand in hand with Sarara he will sleep the sleep of the righteous.

Far away, this same night, his mother Mary prays words to accompany the harsh journey that awaits Jesus, without knowing, softly, like a loving mother, like a subtle premonition, anticipated or perhaps known, of which as a woman in incarnation she has yet no idea.

This family energy will bathe the sleep of Jesus who, far from knowing, will compensate for his severance from all these attachments, in deep sleep, without dreams, over the amorous Atlantean night that his sacred wife Sarara just offered him.

Destiny is written legibly only to minds that have seen certitudes, never to those who anticipate in error. Certitude is the unknown, whose rule is surprise and shock. Certitude is so far away that the mind can only reconstruct it like a beautiful castle of fragile cards whose unstable walls will collapse.

Certitude is the friend of destiny, the best, not created or dissipated, it is the pillar of a state, the light of a situation, the moment of a couple, the encounter of possibility, the start of awakening and the springboard of life.

Certitude is a capricious woman who flees from mirages and veils herself from illusion, it is the exile of those who think they know, as without predicting or reasoning, it rocks back and forth between reason and prediction, in the deep bed of the imperishable doubts and speculations they maintain.

Tonight, a certitude sleeps at the heart of destiny. It is sure to waken, but there is no guarantee that it will endure, and in the impermanence that cradles it, new beginnings are already taking root like flowers to be

picked whose fragrances, without warning, have already evaporated.

Totem list of a Story being written, the certitudes of the past are the references for the present that, fascinated to have perished because of them, returns again to them before dying...

In the secret and hidden spaces of reconciled hearts, certitudes have memories signed by encounters.

Jesus and Sarara, from the depths of their sleep, prospect together the inner planes where their preceding lives have signed the numerous encounters that have united them.

Couple, friends, lovers, sister or brother, before falling asleep Jesus and Sarara love differently each other's soul and body many times, hand in hand, in this Atlantean night that again unites them, before the harmonious sky is broken by destiny, and their eyes, now closed, remain enchanted into their sleep.

They sleep,
The love,
They sleep after loving, once more...

From Realization
to
Departure

There are flowers that cannot be picked,
There are fragrances that cannot be imagined,
Only experience holds their secrets,
Incommunicable, unforeseeable, indescribable,
There are laws whose unforgettable secrets only
Nature can decipher, so natural are they.
In the astonishing parade of these merry-go-rounds
In which we participate without end
Faces, familiar, foreign, unknown or
Indifferent, pass by, empty masks to the
Focused stares of these inquisitive eyes that,
Armed with nothing, compromise everything with an
Incongruous glance that remains, in spite of
These journeys whose paths we choose...

Where reside the pluses and minuses that
Clutter and divide?
Where found are the harmonies one
Assimilates or recognizes?
Where are lost the falsehoods to which
Always succumbing, we let ourselves
Go like a sickly river
Strained to a drop by drop flow.
Of these wild imaginings that time
Triggers on the detritus of these thoughts

Avid to be treated as new ideas, where
The alterations of these dividends hide
To pay to never again
Err, once more again, at the risk of
Getting lost, once more?
How are beauties sold, rented or
Denigrated that are accepted for the moment
Of pleasures which desire then deserts
For other horizons?

Which reality to trust?
Which friendship to avoid?
Which love to avert?
Of which destiny is the path chosen?
Of which abandon is opium not chosen?...

Pallid, life is sometimes cruel in its
Demands, forgetful of its prerogatives
Like a jealous female obstinate only
In the fear pasted on their lovers, like
A label that cannot be removed,
Redone, crossed-out or rewritten, the time to
Not know one has not known and the
Time to not be what one still thought
One was.

In the narrow corridors of our wildest
Attempts, the luck to pass decreases while
Fleeing because to stay causes pain for the
Moment, because it is to cling to the
Dream to realize, whatever the cost.

There are joys known in silence
There are strengths lived with another and
Beautiful energies accomplished by self
Because the Divine is always near.
The permanence of a serene mobility is
In the certitude of a mission to complete.
In these preparatory states that one accepts
Alone, only certain probations can be kept,
They have callous skin and slow
Movement of the kind of slowness that
Yet moves when, from needle
To thread or from heart to soul, one becomes at-
tached
To these others that are only ourselves to
Better detach from when, at the right
Time, and with a clear conscience, one
Can see a sure sign of evolution not
To be missed or neglected.
One must know the importance of this threshold
to cross absolutely, when the
Door opens, on him, on her, the rest
Depends, to which pleasure is not
Linked because it is mission, service and
Humanity. The Divine is
Present, demanding because it wants
Nothing, sure because it determines nothing,
Quiet because it announces nothing.

To the coward it is anguishing,
To the craven, menacing,
To the disciple, preoccupying,

To the initiate, reassuring and to the
Child of God ,exciting. It is

Thus that one plunges in or not, depending on the
high conscience that presides in ourselves and may or
may not express itself to bring to life and communi-
cate what will, of the Divine, mark forever humanity.

For five years already, the sacred spouses Sarara and Jesus, exemplary and happy initiate couple, have been living the Divine, side by side and together, devoted in body and soul. Can one say soul? Their individual and mutual engagement is so firmly anchored in them that the soul, imminent parcel of a consecrated unity, is a veritable union found in the Divine.

The soul, merged and yet unique, buried from its essential identity, could it well have resumed its connections with eternity? Such is no longer the question, five years later.

Farim left one year ago already, without regrets, without looking back because in his heart open to the spouses, the truth of their exceptional encounter remains, despite his departure. The same applies to Sarara and Jesus.

There are fully divine emotions so beautiful and strong that they are never structured in memories, they must pass on, their home is somewhere else where they can not be forgotten, where life retells in silence its successful moments that enable us to ac-

cess ourselves, because the other was there, because it was him, her, because it was the moment and the time, because destiny never misses these rendezvous with itself, without which it would not be destiny.

It may rain sometimes but nothing ends simply because it stops. When rains stop they are only new beginnings, beginnings that seem like endings. How to nurture them, how to live them without damaging them in their infinite projects whose bridles alone reach us?

Is not to dream reality or to achieve our dreams merely paths to ever more self-belonging?

What is the purpose of self-belonging?

What is the purpose of reality?

Where do dreams lead us?

There are dark birds whose plumage glows radiantly in sunshine, clear waters that shadows highlight in the hollows of underbrush, bird songs whose melodies are lost in cloudy skies and words so soft that no storm can lessen their effect...

In the divine octave of these appearances, incredible notes, with human faces, try to stop, reveal or hide these creative designs of false ideas that the imagination details to the bumps of these images, like a conductor who, ignoring his music, blindly conducts his orchestra.

In the grottos of time,
In the caverns of forgetfulness
In the intoxication of the moment,
Where lay the limits of our own
Structure, where reside the mysteries
Of the unknowable,
Where are forged, from our attachments, the
Colors of the impassable circle of our
Most painful limitations?
Of these resulting crosses whose nails
Are only driven by the blows of
Others, where hide the hammers
We give them?

How to survive the heartbreaking cry
Of the muffled sobs we have repressed?
How to avoid, of these survivals
We are drawn to, the heavy heritage we
One day must assume?
The hours spent creating ourselves, the
Pacts sealed with the unconscious, convenient
Nothingness and so available in its devastating
Energies that, season after season,
The seeds blossom to
Invade with their sprawling plants the
Most secret recesses of our most
Feared maladies.

It is from these caverns explored without caution,
From these grottos resurfacing from oblivion,
From these shattered limits, these unsuspected

Mysteries, from this structure finally,
Almost carnal due to stubbornness,
Quasi intimate due to mental analysis,
Reassuring and rationally established over
The movements of our loosest
Sands that are attempted impossible
Survivals that will, the length of one
Life or many, whatever is necessary, explode in a
salutary fashion over the path of a tediously under-
stood evolution, like bubbles of soap too fresh burst-
ing silently under piercing light.

True and just return,
Impossible effort that imposes itself backwards over
the evasive steps that draw us closer without giving
us the strong emotions that await, like death to re-
birth, like birth to recognize, like pregnancy to de-
livery, from ourselves, in these frozen structures
built under our care to compensate for the worst.

Jesus, sitting in the Temple, facing the purple Flame,
is in deep meditative reflection.

Of this happiness he lives with Sarara, of the pains,
trials and other sufferings he has endured, in parallel,
of his temporarily unchosen orphan-like separation
from mother and father, of these formative travels
undertaken, of which the Atlantean stop is the life
secret that posterity will ignore, because it will be
taken away from him, as of today, all this from the
present moment he knows.

Deep is the night outside and the lightness Jesus feels inside is so informal, unexplainable, tender even, that his meditation on it is so utterly peaceful that nothing, here or anywhere else can or could disturb.

Jesus arrives at the end of a journey whose numerous paths have been condensed and summarized here, in Atlantis, in Andreos, in this sublime Temple whose purple Flame dances, here, before his attentive eyes, like a thousand and one notes of new clarity that can never be classified, to always live a calling, an invocation, with joy, submission and full of grace to the Divine that animates its indubitable cosmic force, to which today after five years, he can bear witness, within himself, of himself, for the others and forever.

Unknown Flame of a soldier of peace and love whose heart radiates, once and for all.

Flame of joy, tenderness, Love, whose purity irradiates the sensuality of its supreme luminosity, invoking the carnal act over the most beautiful aspects of its complementarity, where nothing of sexuality can be ugly or deviant.

Immense Flame, joyous, beautiful,
Flame, friend and accomplice of these
Difficult moments, that it only knows,
Whatever they be, to illuminate in order to

Determine, without limiting them, the
Most defying incapacities,
Emptying them slowly of its clarities
Impossible to avoid.

Reassuring Flame, also, but
Fascinating, captivating, dazzling
In the access it gives, in each,
To purifications so intense that the
Sublimed flesh then radiates the living
Expression that, from the step to look, colors with
Purple the most subtle points of view and
Ideas, thoughts and speeches drunk
By effort to advance,
Blossomed in the creativity of those
It stimulates with its bright presence.

Jesus, tonight, sails over the purple
Flames like a sailboat over a quiet
Water whose waves announce
Different movements, he pitches and
Swings, from port to starboard, carried by the
Unforeseeable movements of their seasonal
Moods.

There is impermanence in the air,
In the discovery of change
It is prudent, without adopting anything but
Its openings, to implicitly accompany
Its extremes, at the risk of
Having regrets, sooner or
Later.

There are changes the sea erases
Straight lines it traces while
Opening them to crossing ships.
There are professional waves of
Illusion that, covering the way,
Show... another they keep
Invisible, in their mixed movements.

Jesus rocks to the fire of the flames,
Jesus, lost in the unity of their
Vertical dancing is but fire-flame
On the cold smooth marble floor.
The carpet under his naked feet is the
Only rough surface he feels,
Friendly, warm, his feet are
Firm on it, anchors of the moment, for the
Voyage, in him, he takes now again
For the umpteenth time, and again differently,
Like a navigator whose unusable compass
Forces to his inner sense,
Calm intuition fearing nothing,
Adapting to everything, as long as
The present moment is full.
An on-sight navigation, within himself with
No visibility, where the skies and the waters,
Parallel from the dawn of times,
Finally reach a common verticality,
With success.

Jesus, in the calm of this deep
Night, in the heart of an Atlantean

Familiar to his heart and dear to his soul,
Travels within himself over the friendly
Eyes he has crossed here, the
Time of a sigh in eternity, the time
Of a joy to share, a trial to
Endure, a threshold to cross, a
Step to dare, a silence to know,
A word to respect, a heart,
His own, to open.

Of this opening of the heart into
Which the purple Flame pours its
Unconditional light, Jesus observes,
As one who knows, knowingly, the
Known, free of any other
Useless mental process or analysis.
A state so strongly assimilated and
Lived, moves in him, totally
At ease in this space
Discovered here and of which he knows,
This night, that soon again he will need so,
Then the Flame, forever present,
With its immortal clarity will halo in a
Warm and kind luminescence an inner space
Soon to be invaded and violated, before the
Seemingly final capitulation that
His body will experience.

Jesus is at this point when suddenly
The purple Flame begins to purr
More loudly, mauve and

Rose at the same time, dancing more
Intensely, fascinating in its
Wildness he tries not to
Tame, letting himself glide
Imperceptibly into the anarchic forms
That adorn its intense beauty.
In a kind of self-consuming fire,
It elongates vertically in leaps of
Colored light
Synthesizing all the colors of the
Flames of the Temple.

Blue, rose, yellow, green, even lemon,
The purple Flame assumes these colors while growing,
Reaching nearly two meters in height, just beneath
the
Dome that shields it, stabilizing finally,
In a vibrant column of fire of
Infinite clarity, outside of the column, burn
Two arm-like shapes, perpendicular to
Itself.

A sculpture of fire now illuminates
The dome completely, to such an extent that
Jesus has become incandescent within as
Without—no eyes
Will retain this vision in memory,
No memory will testify to it, but
His own, when on the Golgotha,
Several years later, he will

Remember this sculpture of fire
Announcing the cross that will burden
Him in the ascent of
Calvary hill.

This night, Jesus is simply
Filled with wonder, the column and
Its perpendicular arms, clear and
Awesome, penetrate his heart with joy,
An incomprehensible present sign that
Will only assume its full meaning
In circumvolutions of time that the mind
Will never master but of which
Consciousness has always the premonition.

Jesus admires,
Jesus gives thanks,
A cycle ends,
Another will begin,
Jesus carries it in himself, heavy with its
Limits still unsuspectable,
Illuminated with its divine clarities
Acquired and assimilated,
Jesus thanks the Divine to which,
By act decreed within he
Surrenders and delivers himself, for the general
good,
Because here his studies at the Temple have
Opened his heart to its own mystery.
Born of divine energy, he renders himself to
Its service, for the best and the worst, whatever

The order and priority,
The necessity and mission.

While the purple Flame erases with
Its brilliant fire the monumental sculpture
In a flash, the purring breath
Caresses Jesus' face whose
Staring eyes have not lost any of the
Dazzling spectacle.

A gift is given to him tonight
Whose meaning he does not precisely
Understand.

Just a gift, he says to himself,
Sarara is part of this gift, as well as the opportunity
to study here, and the people he has met, Farim
above all central and essential. Rapidly, Jesus re-
views in his mind these five years that will end to-
morrow.

His encounter with Sarara, beautiful sultana, his first
ritual, their first kiss, their sacred wedding, her sup-
ple and perfect body, her violet eyes... Sarara, the
divine dream in full earthly action.

Jesus rapidly envisions again the strolls in the gar-
den, the Eastern aisle, the house, the bath, the pool
of the sacred bath, the dawns, the royally Atlantean
sun from daybreak to sunset, the tastes, the odors...

Jesus is the spectator of a parade of five years, sum-
marized in a unified vision, a thin slice of life, an

apprenticeship of the divine through the happiness and pleasure of being human, quite simply.

His change, changes?

A little more himself, a little more worthy of God in this life?

His parents return to his heart like an obsessive memory... an ancestral memory that is reborn with him and disappears with him to return in his reminiscing like a haunting lyric, not too disturbing but undoubtedly useless. Joseph, Mary, a man, a woman, a child, soon prodigal...

The Jesus who once departed has already returned, hesitant because perhaps slightly inhuman no doubt, a return not to what one expects but to what does not yet exist, this divine intention whose will has become his own.

Jesus feels so strong, so confident, so “good” that nothing seems impossible to him, that everything remains within his reach and of these divine pleasures that he has tasted here, Sarara remains the sublime soul he has had the privilege of knowing, the most divinely lovable being, who was able to detach him of his personal wants and desires to help him go beyond this important step, toward the divine in himself.

Sarara has given him the exceptional gift of this emotional autonomy that nothing and no one can replace.

Sarara, Love made woman,
The joy, the tenderness, the strength of
Sarara are, this night, like
Sarara herself, sacred to him.

Jesus feels so fine in the clear flame with the purple movements that the night has surrendered and slowly the transparent dome is filled with the sublime glow that the daylight of an ardent sun announces in these Atlantean dawns, even in winter.

The night has passed while
Jesus remains.
Kneeling, forehead to the ground,
He swears allegiance to God,
Careful to only retain of the purple
Flame but the intense clarity
Whose visual memory can only
Tarnish and betray, in his memory,
Reality.

The Flame is his forevermore
In the opening of his heart, it
Dances already, waiting to serve, while
Eyes closed, Jesus gives thanks in
Prayer.
A long prayer of gratitude, conscious and
Vertical, an action of grace

Radiating and unforgettable, to the secret
Of which he will find, forever on Earth,
The strength necessary for these energies that
Christ, by fulfilling him, will enable him to
Conquer.

Finally Jesus stands up, divinely
Beautiful in this nascent dawn to
Which the dancing flame responds
With its violet-colored lights.

It is time for the morning meal and with a new stride
full of deference and strength, Jesus walks toward
the conjugal house where Sarara enters, at the same
time, in the room that prolongs the terrace over the
garden where the table with colorful fresh food
awaits and tempts them with wise preparations.

Heart free, mind open
Eyes joyful, smile wide,
Wisdom happy, somber moods
Vanished, laughter honest,
Again in shared happiness
Jesus and his wife Sarara eat,
Jesus yet notices a
Different light in the eyes of his
Sacred wife.
Sarara yet deciphers another
Dimension in the eyes of
Jesus, her sacred husband.

A calm morning settles in,

They both go their own way and attend to their respective duties, there is a fragrance of nostalgia in the air with no feeling of sadness, even though Jesus and Sarara have gone beyond their time together, living Love to its temporal limits accorded by destiny.

Thus, this morning, both of them are happy, fulfilled and serene, they both know that any sacred shared love is a sublime path for all humanity and that, in time, humanity will unavoidably find its place, as it is the sole object of the Divine Plan.

In fact, as they have said to each other in silence, each is part of the other or globally the other when, part of the whole, it is possible to consciously answer the call of humanity, because in the end, in becoming divine, personal will has no more attraction to the parts we are, without being included in humanity born of its primal intention. Words are incapable of describing this sublime intimate state of simultaneously giving and belonging, Jesus, like Sarara have preferred to live these words by keeping silent.

The call is imperative.

The heart can only answer by attaining it.

To forget involves the non-self toward the self.

The strength and the energy are fully divine.

The project is humanly possible at the high price of a life of devotion...

All of this and more still has been known, lived and accepted by Sarara, from the beginning, and by Jesus, from this night that reunites them further, because it prepares, in secret, their inevitable physical separation.

Of these slow agonies to these supreme pleasures that the human world invents because it does not know itself, the Atlanteans are not really conscious, they who adopt with a light soul the spiritual wanderings of free hearts they have led over the quiet path of an energetic power conquered and mastered so perfectly.

All here seems serene and yet in certain unthinking labyrinths, gratuitous pleasure has conquered their hearts so totally that the real motivation, this service for and of the Divine that wise initiates and others used to respect, has been dismantled. Atlantean society is pledged to the Divine, conscious of an exemplary mission for the world. Even children are raised in the lofty ideal of service to humanity in general and the Atlantean spiritual and energetic high mission.

Andreos is a bright city with white walls caressed by the invisible lights of the sacred flames of the Temple. The inhabitants have bodily graces from the self-assurance of an elegant stride to the delicacy of a woman or man's silhouette in fluid movements, the inhabitants' skin is quite soft in appearance and their

eyes, both blue and dark, are possessed with a fine golden sparkle, mixing esthetic light and intelligent mischief. High pitched laughter abounds, hands rise often in salutation, and women in pleated veils with agile feet move up and down the street in long, airy dresses while men, clothed in hanging robes or trousers, like the women, trace straight, sober lines following focused trajectories when they walk. The colors are joyful and often pastels with much white, much inlaid gold, in accessories or in jewelry.

Precious stones, semi-precious, brightly colored and scintillating adorn their ears, arms, ankles and wrists, while gold chains are worn around necks or as earrings, and around ankles precious finery sparkles like the women who wear them.

The men also wear jewels, around their ankles or waists sometimes, like the women, in earrings, delicate gold and silver linkages, and hard stones are worn as rings.

The streets overflow with these colors, while the feeling of joy in voices, vibrant and clear is surprising to most visitors. Jesus is now accustomed to all this but never tires of the fauna that circulates in the center plaza and then drifts off in groups to luxurious houses behind massive wood, copper, stone or silver doors. The city is truly beautiful thinks Jesus to himself as he strolls about this late afternoon.

Spells, magic of the eyes, pleasures of the senses these inner spiritual waves that the Atlanteans pour into the streets of their capital. Jesus is intoxicated with a certain lifestyle, pleasant, easy, where everything, almost, is linked to energetics. From medicine to mechanics, and the works of the Temple, everything, absolutely everything is energetically controllable because energetically conceived. The same applies to human beings, machines, sciences and research, esotericism and beauty or sports, everything here works on/by energetic principles. The Atlanteans manipulate energy, know it well, live it and use it conscientiously. There is no domain where energy is not used, there is no child that does not know the simple principles related to the physical body, there is no taboo at this level, adults work in very energetically oriented ways, in every domain...

Jesus stops at an art gallery where the works of a sculptor are on display. Attracted to the shapely forms of these intriguing objects in gold, silver, marble, motionless in front of the open door, he hesitates to enter.

A beautiful, slightly uneven yet clear voice ends his hesitation:

– Please come in dear friend, I wouldn't be surprised to learn that you're a foreigner? Please come in and admire my modest work.

Jesus lifts his eyes to see a young woman with a calm, bright smile.

Dressed in green and white, her long hair, braided low over her neck is tied with multi-colored ribbons that match her dress. Beautiful emeralds glow on her breast, and her jet black hair draws a clear line over a pure forehead with well defined eyebrows. Her eyes, two dark almonds, sparkle while she smiles, mute, and brighten her face, prompting him to enter. Jesus is charmed by so much sophistication; the young woman is naturally elegant, of course, but her own distinction, a mixture of charm and purity, is so impressive that he is awed, as before a work of art.

Filena is a sculptor. Jesus follows her into the gallery where she shows him the masterpieces of the exhibition, in the back room, massive works of art, smooth and soft. These objects are fantastic, Jesus thinks, discovering in them admirable faces, sculpted and polished in precious stone. Amethyst, emerald, ruby, topaz, sapphire and even diamond, an interesting face is sculpted in a diamond matrix, rough on one side and polished on the other. A superb work that he falls in love with so much the difference between the rough side contrasts with the warm radiance of the other both fascinates and glistens.

Dark diamond translucence, well worked on with artistic and spiritual inspiration in which Jesus clearly sees an intense initiatory step expressed with

strength and softness at once, a softness that expresses a form of unexpected impersonality. The face is quite wide, but Filena, standing behind him, murmurs:

– It is not a wide face...It's a shroud, on one side the veil of incarnation and its obscure violence, on the other, the radiant being that has already left for another dimension.

Jesus, fascinated, does not answer.

In a kind of recognition, he does not understand why this piece both attracts and seduces him so much. He cannot take his eyes off it. Filena leaves him face to face with this sublime sculpture, her favorite among all the pieces shown here. It is a work, she remembers, born of strong inspiration, that, unlike to the others, took only a few days to finish, she tells him.

A few moments later Jesus answers, looking her in the face:

– This piece is fixed in me forever, it is too precious to be bought, and though I do not have the means, I know though that I will never forget it, in a way, it has just marked my life, I don't yet know why or how. Thank you for having made it. Thank you for having allowed me, by inviting me, to discover it, and now filled with it, I thank you with all my heart and all my soul. Be blessed Filena, thank you.

Jesus then leaves. Filena has listened to him attentively, under the impact of his magnetic charm. This man, she thinks, is so beautiful, so focused, so serene and yet so young... Looking at him leave the store, his elegant waist, strikes her, looking at the shroud again, she then imagines that the two-sided face, sculpted in rough diamond, looks just like this strange young man. For no reason she feels a pinch in her heart that she shakes off with a light pirouette-laugh, and advances toward a couple of friends who have just entered her shop.

The shroud, already, in its carbon-diamond form, high symbol of a Christ-journey, was part of the memory of the world from where Filena had received her inspiration.

Were the dice already cast and destiny already at work?

Who knows? Jesus departed, taking within him this mark to come he had just discovered. A timeless memory whose future had stamped its first seal in the capital of Atlantis, a first meeting with this implacable destiny that people without fraternal feelings would surely make him suffer, a humanity to which he would give so much love, that 2000 years hence would not erase the traces of his passage in the service of God, on Earth.

Give to your eyes the expression of your soul,
Give to your heart the aspiration of Love,
Give to your voice the clarity of crystal
Give to your passage in Christ the depth it deserves
Give to your brothers and sisters the lived example
Give to the world the best of all of this by
Giving unto needs the creative answers that the Di-
vine inspires in you
Give like a torrent or a river
Give like a storm in the sky
Give like notes to melody
Give like color to landscape
Give like laughter to joy
Give these bright rainbows that open the bridges
used by the wisest minds to exchange and under-
stand...
Give and without giving more
Be what being fills your being, what the
Heart wants, what the
Soul also wants until this
Illuminating explosion toward unknown
Skies, that still recognized,
Open in the example of their
Divine effects human
Sources whose differences are

But always honest lights on
Earth to illuminate.

Of these magnificent wakes that
Time models in Space,
Be the vibrating melody, ceaselessly
And with ease, that simply
Gives of itself because nothing can be
Separated from it, or from anyone.
And thus in the new waters of these
Melted snows of an eternal
Kindness, know in yourself and
Recognize in others the eternal
Temple of the Divine, like a body of
Flesh illuminated by magic
Vibrations whose senses are a
Lyre with fragile sound that without
Ever losing notes, are not always
Heard.

Of these immense waves revived by time
Because eternity, not perceived
Uses them again like many
Returns we must behold...
Each in his message gives of the
Divine the serene exploits of each
Surpassing.

From Jesus in Atlantis to the cross,
Crucified, from amplified light to
Total Love, how many misunderstandings

How much doubt, how
Much bitterness and joy,
Betrayal and trust have
Scattered, strewn about, locked-down
All the moments of surprise, down-slides and
Reefs of these trials, inherent to
Incarnation, whose dust we raise
Until all is covered of these
Blinded eyes that we do not accept
As we do not say that in us
Also sleeps these same
Potentials to live fully, to
Christ and beyond.

If times have changed, if
Bodies have adapted, if wisdom,
If Love and their human
Components, linked to their Divine
Intentions, remain priorities of
Human minds, it is because
To change the world requires
Creativity of the purest potential,
To not sink into the menacing excesses whose
Assaults mark out with danger
All succeeding times.

After two thousand years and more, Atlantis remains
only a memory and Jesus an idolized martyr whose
blood does not wash modern sins because in each
slowly drips evolution, without which nothing can
really move.

The belief endures so that finally in each heart resides its responsibility to carry and nourish with our most live blood, symbol of life, of creativity through the ability to cleanse from ourselves what troubles the journey.

Of these temples in Atlantis, in the purple Flame of these sacred lights, may the call be heard and its clarity received, in and by each heart, to bear witness again by living, this wisdom and this Love, this Divine light that Christ the savior answered, not once and for all, but to give through the example of his life, testimony and possibility to each to answer in turn, as a savior also.

Reality can rise to fiction and vice versa, whatever meaning given to this book, may your heart, readers, guide you toward the reality of the moment that gives to life the meaning it bears witness through you...

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Also by leïla chellabi:

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